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FOR MOTHER.

BY MRS. I. H. STODDARD.

Thickening flowers are we,
Babes of the blithest sorts;
We scarcely can wait to be
Right out, we baby-like,
Our gowns on.

Earth calls her Summer forth
Month after month;
Yet while with prayer and
To rewrite them would your heart
They fall away.

In our sequestered cells
We make no measure's sigh,
Old Time's children dear
We never cause a tear
To mortal eye.

But unheard and dark
Our brilliance lasts,
Ensur'd by hints that blow,
Traceful by wings astray
Though tempests sweep.

Oh, life means lands that draw
On fruits and scent glads,
Be sublime as we
Whose sweet heart-flowers that glow
Know to fade.

Hartford, January, 1862.

VENDETTA;
OR,
THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF CORSICA.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE NEGRO," "THE MUSTANGER MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

What quality is there in the air of mountain lands which makes their sons unconquerable? Look over the history of the civilized world, and we find that men who breathe a highland atmosphere are more prone to battle for the thrills among their native hills. "God and freedom" are their watchwords, and the creed wherein he never failed to smile upon those who do battle for its principles.

Freedom's world-wide shield—as noble the struggle has been long and serious; in which the tiniest vanguard have earned the cold pall among whose people the idea of constitutional liberty was not a by-law. Washington fought for his country's rights; before France wailed through one of mad to the phantom of freedom she now enjoys.

Corsica's Hills known except as the birthplace of Napoleon? Yet it was there that Pascuale Paoli lived, fought, and legislated so wisely that with a little more than a single lifetime of wise lasting independence as the heritage of his countrymen—both sea and land, grateful, and Paoli died an exile in a foreign land, but not the less revered as a patriot and a statesman whose greatness was against him. Worthy to be ranked with Washington, Paoli stands out among the sons of men as a fettered giant, struggling with adverse superhuman power to break the shackles that bind the land of its birth. That he failed was not due to his genius, but to those who looked on with silent sympathy, yet refuse to lend to him a helping hand to aid the noblest struggle against fearful odds that ever has been waged.

It is to that island lying upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean that our story leads us, and the stranger who feels the soft voluptuous air floating around him, who gazes in silent rapture upon the enchanting scenery, would scarcely dream that under such Edenic loveliness rank the demons of hate, despair, and death.

The crimson glow of the setting sun is shining slowly into the purple twilight, and the azure sky begins to sparkle with stars, while the yellow disc of the full moon slowly rises as from the waves of the undulating sea extending out in the distance.

Three lofty mountains approach the shore, covered with olive groves, and villages nestled amid their shadows. As the brilliancy of the full fades into twilight, the fires of the shepherds, who dwell amid the alpine fastnesses, glean with ruddy hues from point to point on the abrupt declivities.

The names of these mountains are Angelo, Santa Bonaventura, and Monte Policato; at their base lies the town of Isola Rossa, founded by Paoli. To the right lies the peninsula of Capo Corso, the most northern point of the island, and on the isle a long projecting tongue of land, around which the sea sweeps in tranquil murmurs.

The town, with its small houses, flat roofs, and green vine clusters, its wealth of trade, and its mud church, with snow-white towers, is a most picturesque and cheerful looking place.

In the sea are three red rocks over which an old tower keeps watch, carrying back the fancy to those days in which the sword of the Saracen brought terror and death to the inhabitants of this lovely region.

At the entrance of the city is a spacious square, in the middle of which is a fountain surmounted by a marble bust of Paoli. This spot is the common resort of the inhabitants in the evenings, and many groups were now collected beneath the ornamental trees that cast their umbrageous shade around.

A group of children had erected a circus, around which they were dancing with clasped hands, and singing with melodious voices the revolutionary song of France, the Marseillaise; on the opposite side of the square a group gathered around a young girl who touched a guitar with much skill, and sang the national airs of Corsica—those verses are either tender laments for the loss of a beloved one, or wild, terrible songs of vengeance. They are mostly composed by women, yet the heroism and the terrible are only veiled by the melancholy beauty thrown around them. They are mere improvisations, extended at pleasure by the performer, and ultimately express the tenderest emotions, or the highest state of excitement, according to the skill of the singer.

The woman who held the guitar with careless grace, was young and attractive in person, though in the most humble and modest garb. Her dress consisted of a blue cotton gown, which fell from her form in graceful folds, and displayed the symmetrical proportions, hands and feet of remarkable symmetry, and a face of such lovely expression as would have rendered it interesting even had it been far plainer than hers was. Her hair was of rare wealth of that rayless sunless tint in which beauty of progress and depth of tone have been blended by the passionate power which breathes in each impassioned verse of thrilling tone, in real in overpowering motion of the fingers on the guitar, as the magic of her voice flinged this watch with her large, black, melancholy eyes that reveal a tale of suffering of no common stamp.

Her dress was of dark blue material, of better quality than that usually worn by the peasantry; she was not off by a few gold ornaments, and the mandolin, or bond-handkerchief, which was rolled around her head, was of azure hue. Such hues as accordant with her dark and striking style of beauty. Her long, glossy black hair had escaped from its confinement, and fell in waves of jet almost to her feet, as she stood with her guitar slung across her breast by a broad scarlet ribbon; with graceful touch she struck the chords, which formed a wild accompaniment to the voice of her flexible voice, and the monotonous rhythm was calculated to produce a deep and melancholy effect upon her hearers.

Suddenly a voice spoke beside her.

"Marie Montoni, change your measure, for here comes the bridal party, and Baptista Marie will not be likely to give a liberal decorer to one who meets him with a lament on such an occasion as this."

"True," replied Marie, vacantly, "Matra must have an epithalamium. I promised that I would compose one expressly for him, for he took with the Pearl of Isola Rossa, the beautiful Clarice, who is my long lost friend."

"See that you give it pretty sons, for here they come—the old women, the brother, sister and bridegroom—but the pretty bride is missing; that is strange, very strange, for she never refuses to come out on the eve of her bridal."

"And I say it is all right, for Clarice is lady," Clarice is a lady, though she is the daughter of a peasant, and she has the wisdom of many Luckily Matra has the money to uphold her in her fortunate, and that's why she took such a fancy to him I fancy, for he isn't the handsomest man upon the island."

"Hush—h, they are close upon us. Matra has a long arm, and will not suffer an insult."

As the party thus referred to drew near, the improvisatrice changed her song of vengeance for one of love and triumph. She sang of the happiness and good fortune of the successful wooer, of the days of joy about to dawn upon him, of the pride with which the family of the bride elect would bestow upon the fortunate suitor the hand of the fairest girl in all the island.

With folded breasts and placid brow, the bridegroom listened to his own praises so eloquently sung. He was a handsome, well-built man of fifty, with a low, retreating forehead, and small, sparkling eyes. The only redeeming feature of his face of a young, fair girl who regarded him with but his dress showed that his position was better than that of most of the people who clustered around him. He wore the finest cloth, ornamented with embroidery, and a heavy chain of gold glittered upon his scarlet vest.

A large, middle-aged woman, dressed in the peasant costume, accompanied Matra, and behind them came a boy and girl of fourteen and sixteen years of age. If the Pearl of Isola Rossa was so beautiful as her friends declared her to be, she was singularly unlike her relatives, for the heavy, sallow features, and small, beadlike eyes of Serenza Marcante had been transmitted to her offspring with singular fidelity, and the heavy, sullen countenance of her youngest brother of the three evidently goodhumored. However, they were dressed in their best clothes, and were perfectly satisfied with the happy fate destined for them. Serenza Marcante was quite the matron, and Matra was quite the bridegroom, both so full of themselves and their own importance, and a face of such terrible expression as would have rendered it interesting even had it been far plainer than hers was. Her hair was of rare wealth of that raylike sunless tint in which beauty of progress and depth of tone have been blended by the passionate power which breathes in each impassioned verse of thrilling tone, in real in overpowering motion of the fingers on the guitar, as the magic of her voice flinged this watch with her large, black, melancholy eyes that reveal a tale of suffering of no common stamp.

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CLARICE AND MARIE IN CONSULTATION.

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Forest.

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when the wealthy Maira was attracted by her fair face, she was allowed no voice in the arrangement which gave her hand to him as his wife. To be elevated to the position of mistress of a villa, with servants and liveries, was no doubt good fortune to be cast away for love forsooth. That was but a dream, while this was a tangible reality, whose blessings would increase and multiply as time rolled on.

Thus reasoned Sosim, Marcasite, and Clarice fettered with a golden chain, which struck deeper and quivered with pain when she thought of her beloved Gallio; of the happy future they had planned together, and she thrilled with repulsion as she compared him with her ungainly bridegroom.

The cottage stood upon a ledge overlooking the sea; it was of limited proportions, though it was a comfortable home in that genial climate, and was kept with a degree of neatness not often found among people of the widow's class. Fruit trees grew around it, and a vine trailed its green foliage over the walls, making it a complete nest of verdure.

Maira bade the portly good night at the base of the ascent, saying that as they were now safe in sight of the door, he would seek his own home, and quiet himself for the night after going with them. Semora Marcasite replied to this with cordial emphasis.

"It will be best so, my son; adieu till to-morrow, and may the holy Mother of God watch you in her keeping. Her blessing upon your union with Clarice is, I believe, already assured."

"I trust so," replied the bridegroom, as he turned toward his own dwelling.

Marie looked after his retreating figure, and she essentially said:

"A love worth the care of the holy Mary, would have gone on with us for the chance of a moment's interview with the object of its affections. Oh! Mother Marcasite, do you hope that Clarice can ever be happy with that man as her wooder? A fish from the sea has as much sensibility as Maira has, and Clarice is all tenderness and fastidiousness."

That may be true, but still I have chosen wisely for her. Clarice is a child, and maybe she is not suited to bear the burden of a head this Apostolic can make her a lady in station, as no true love made her one in taste and refinement.

"Poor Gallio, that I can believe what in the end will be best for my daughter's happiness."

"I wish I could think so, but I believe, Clarice would cheerfully bear privations even; but to the case of her own love, her spirit will feel itself forever against the enforced bonds that will bind her to what she can not nor can ever be attached to."

"If such are your sentiments, I think you had better not seek Clarice to-night," said Semora Marcasite, dryly. "It is best to struggle against the carriage now, for every arrangement is completed, and she shall surely become the wife of Maira on the morrow."

Clarice has my promise to see her once more before I leave Isola Rossa; but you need fear nothing from me now. The fate of your child is already decided, and I shall not lift my finger to change it. Will this sustenance suffice you?"

The woman ungraciously replied:

"I suppose it will, for my appetite is satisfied, and as the last moment, Clarice may prove unwilling, should I keep her away from me. See that you are ready to start with the dawn, for the peasantgrass of Gallio, for it is he who will be the first to appear when the news spreads as we shall know. See—I am aware of the game I am playing, of the service rendered to Maira—but between you."

As our record speaking, they reached the cottage door, which stood open to receive them. It consisted of a large central room, with doors on either side opening from it into the apartments of the family.

As you keep of antique shape hung from the centre of the room, and a single lamp of the same flight which fell from it, as a young girl with her hands crossed upon her breast in the attitude of hopeless dejection.

Her light and graceful figure was clad in a robe of pale sea green, with a jacket of some brilliant figured material, fitted closely to the form; her heavy suit of lustrous auburn hair was partially covered by the usual Corsican head-dress, a mantilla which is drifted now, with a border of fine red stripes upon a ground of yellow.

Clarice was scarcely seventeen years of age, but her form was rounded into perfect womanhood, and there was a shade of pensive thought and feeling in the deep dark eyes and flexible lips of this young creature that nearly placed in a position of such pain and peril; for the overbearing mother was far from entirely heading the acting condition of her daughter's affairs. She did not see the conflict raging in the bosom between love and duty—the struggle between ambition and passion, for ambition was the ruling trait in that yet undeveloped nature, and its promptings took her give her hand to Maira, while every voice in her better nature pleaded for the dark and lowly Gallio.

She did not rise when the two women entered, but kept her head upon the floor as if in deep meditation. Dame Marcasite sharply spoke:

"How now, Clarice; I expected to find you in bed and asleep. A pretty-looking bride will you be to-morrow—if that will become fine and stupid look. Of what are you dreaming, child?"

Of despair—death," replied the girl, drearily, lifting her eyes to the face of the speaker. "Do you think that I can carry with me a light heart in the bridal chamber? When hope has knocked at it for the last time? Mother, I would that I were dead! dead! dead!"

At her words there was a feeble wail, and her head drooped upon her bosom in an attitude of hopeless despair. Semora Marcasite angrily shook her by the shoulders, as she said, in harsh tones:

"Are you determined to play the fool to the very last hour? Rise up, girl, and put on some cheerful look, and get to bed. Ay-girl, with common sense, would thank us for opened fortune that has come to you to-morrow. You leave the peasant's cot to play the part of the proud lady, and yet you rate of despair and death. Bah!! you'll laugh at all these heroics one of these days."

"If I do, it will not be as Maira's wife. No laugh will ever come to my lips, when once his kiss has polluted it."

"We shall see, all be good time; I have no fears for you when the words have been really said; you will soon forget your quiet mates then. Here is Mario Monaldi to speak with you. I permitted him to come, though it is late, as I was giving you a last chance to send a message to that unprincipled lover, who would drag you down to his level by making you the sharer of his wretched poverty."

"Gallio is not poor; he is rich enough for one knight as he is. I have been, and, I would rather wend his note, and help him draw them with my own hand, than give him to the man you are forcing me to wed. Oh, Marie, good Marie, plead for me, for in this hour I am desperate."

She grasped the hand of the singer with such force that she could scarcely repress a cry of pain as she said:

"Words will now be useless, Clarice. Your mother has shown me her mind, and I am afraid she is immovable. Come with me and let me talk with you. I have calmed you before to-night, and caused you to listen to the voice of reason. You have always found good to love from following my advice."

Clarice's tense nerves could not shield her head in that of her friend. As the two turned towards the door leading into one of the side apartments, Marie said to the mother:

"Have no fears, mother Marcasite, that I shall seek to influence Clarice against your wishes. Her fate is now pieced beyond my control."

She mentally added, "And yours, too, for others are threatening you fast enough without any aid from me. I may safely promise myself revenge."

The two girls entered the room of Clarice, and closed the door. It was small, with a single window which opened upon the bay, and contained a bed, a chair, and a trunk. Marie's nurse's bugler lay moored. Beside this was placed the crucifix, before which the poor girl offered up her prayers for his welfare, and while the mother remained in Heaven, her eyes could behold the beacon light which assured her of the presence and safety of her earthly idol.

She sunk down before the altar, bowed her head, and clasped her outstretched hands together toward the bend of Christ crowned with thorns, and her pale lips moved:

"Pardon and guidance, oh friend of the friendless, for I am in deep need. Thou knowest my heart; oh, give me strength, give me courage, to act as it bids me to pull appointed to me. Let me not falter or grow weak."

Marie Montauri watched the wan face and pleading lips of Clarice for a moment, and as a title she is thus engaged, we will give a sketch of the former and her own inner history.

At sixteen she was the betrothed bride of a darling Corsican chief, who fought for the liberties of his country. The conspiracy was revealed, the plot was discovered, and the young leaders were arrested and broken on the wheel, that most terrible of all cruel punishments. Among them was the youthful betrothed of poor Marie. She revelled with nearly unbearable pain, his enemies refused to him the right of separation; the bodies of the slain patriots were exposed in the public square, and the penalty of death pronounced against any who attempted to remove them.

Marie sat alone in her desolation, and to her excited senses the voice of her dead lover seemed to call upon her to perform the rite.

"The birds of prey tear my flesh, and no faithful hand is near to drive them off. Oh, my father's."

Every maddened her, and she was resolved to remove her martyred lover from the ignoble position to which he had been doomed. In the night, Marie enveloped her form in a thick fishing cloak, and proceeded to the public square, at which he threw over the head in such a manner as to conceal her face, and then proceeded to

LOVE'S MATTERS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON

Oh, do you ever remember, love,
How on one summer's night
We entered upon the misty beach
Between the soft moonlight;
And listened to the sea,
And listened to the sea.
I press'd thy hand, and vow'd, dear one,
To love and cherish thee.

Oh, then indeed our hearts were light,
And, like the summer wind,
We drank in love as thirsty earth doth
Drink in the dew of heaven.

The moonbeams with a holy light
Fell on the silent sea,
The stars shone pure as jewel'd gems,
But I saw only thee.
I heeded not the fleeting stars,
Whom all around us shone,
My thoughts were all on one who was
My heartfelt—my own.

I only knew I clasped thy hand
And that thy heart was mine,
I heeded not the earth nor sea,
For they were by my side.

THE WIDOW WALDRON

THE HEIRS OF THE ST. JULIAN ESTATE.

BY MARY G. VAUGHAN.

"Ah! my God, can it be possible!" exclaimed Mr. St. Julian, in tones in which pain and anguish were equally mingled. He laid down his newspaper, and turned pale as death. The man who sat at the head of the breakfast table, a fine look ing old gentleman suddenly paled, and a scare grew round emotion.

"What is it, papa?" the young lady inquired, rising with extreme solicitude, and coming round the table to his side. "Is there bad news?" pointing in silence to the article he had been reading.

"Accident at sea.—Terrible loss of life.—Collision of ships in the night.—Total wreck of the——" she read. "Very shocking, is it not, papa? But this poor person—did you know any of them, papa?"

"Yes, dear. Poor Waldron was on board. You remember that I mentioned him to you? There is his name, among the lost."

"Ah, yes—the young man whom you assisted. Had he a family, papa?"

"Yes—a wife and two little ones. I think. Four brows and one. This is sad news, sad news. And to think he risked his all, and has lost it! They will be utterly destitute, I fear."

"How is that, papa? I know you told me that you took me Mr. Waldron had a pretty home, and all things quite comfortable for his family, for the story seems to come to an end as we talk about it. Did you not say that he was tolerably well off to start in life with, and that you did not quite approve of his match for Augusta?"

"Yes; you are quite right. I endeavored to dissuade him from his foolish attachment, but most unfortunately he is fierce, and bent on carrying it out. I was reluctant to provoke him to the necessary memory, and he insisted on securing me with the whole of his income."

"He has lost all, then; and his family are not only bereaved, but penniless!"

"Yes, my dear. I fear that is the actual state of the case."

"But, papa——" the speaker hesitated, and looked at her father with eyes brimming in tears. "Surely, papa, this should not be! We can hardly allow to lose one thing more than poor creatures their home. Cannot something be done for them?"

"Certainly. I can give up property fully worth the fifteen thousand I intend to young Waldron. I can no old man, and shall not find it hard to do; while I live, but my children must have the house, for there is no other home for them to go to."

"Oh, no, papa! No, indeed! How can you think we should leave them? I for one, will not lightly forego all claim upon my share of the property. Your younger children must, until fatherless children, and it for more than we, who have already a superfluity of this world's goods. Pray, papa, restore their home to these poor things."

Thus pleaded this lovely girl. She was the youngest of the family, her father's pet and constant solace; his housekeeper also, left alone with him, now that all the rest had married and left their nests. It was very hard to deny her anything, and the old man promised that the widow should be secured in the possession of her home.

"You are left heiress enough, I am sure. They are all abroad fellows and rich, or fast becoming so; and the girls are well married, all but you, my pet."

"Never mind me, papa," interpolated the young lady.

"I do not mean to. I always mind you. It is just what I say, that you are left heiress enough to justify you in your bidding. So, put your pretty face by my coat, and I'll go in Parliament's at once and order the papers drawn up. Then you can be the bearer of the deeds, and have it over at once."

Great was the happiness wonder of Pioneer de Parchment, represented on this occasion by Pioneer in person, at 36 Conveyancing Gardens by their highly-respected client. But Mr. St. Julian, with an explanation beyond those limits of the case necessary to insure legal correctness in the drawing of deeds, preserved his business. He cared nothing for further gloaters of money, nor for stores of parchment. His mind was intent only upon the benevolent act he intended to perform. He sat down, and on gaining the street hailed an omnibus, and in the course of an hour was set down at a short distance from the suburban villa which was still the home of the Waldron family.

The morning's tidings had already filled that family with unspeakable sorrow. Mr. St. Julian found some difficulty in obtaining admittance, for Mrs. Waldron, in the agonies of her grief, could hardly summon courage even to whisper one who had been the source and helpful friend of the lost husband. The poor widow which had made her children fatherless, and left them penniless to battle with the world.

Having told the train for the accomplishment of his generous benevolence, and given fortifying words to the bereaved, the kind old man left her widow and set out for home.

The day was spent by this time, and the old man was weary, and more with tireless pondering from the unusual emotion he had undergone since the morning. Looking anxiously for the comforts that but infrequently passed this distant table, he slowly passed the ill-paved street.

Suddenly he stopped, leaning heavily against the rails pailing in front of a laborer's hut, and the curious group watching him from the low doorway saw him waver and fall.

Twilight had fallen, and the dinner hour was already past. A bright fire, rendered necessary by the chilliness of this spring evening, burned in the grate, the gas blazed from the handsome chandelier, and beneath it the table, with its handsome service, was laid for a small party. Up stairs in the drawing-room, the eldest son of Mr. St. Julian, with his wife and children, awaited the return of their father. They were not anxious, only a little surprised at the delay; but Stella St. Julian, a prey to apprehension, ensconced behind the curtains of the dining-room was gazing out into the fast darkening street.

Her eyes first saw the carriage that slowly drew up before the door, and watched the chimney removal of the domestic hussein, and then shrieks summoned children and servants to bring across his arm and bear him to his room. Stella should pass it save in the narrow course of duties.

A few days passed and all was over. Stella had been busy, and like a reaper, he had borne away his sheaves of corn fully ripe." Virgo cross frame, kindly face, white locks, all lay beneath the sod.

Bella St. Julian was an orphan, and saddled the confusion, the gaiety, and the pain of those dreadful days of bereavement, it is not wonderful that the memory of Mr. Waldron passed entirely from her mind, or, if recalled at all, came only with the belief that her father had secretly pleased all he intended for this poor family.

It was not till some weeks had passed since her bereavement, and Stella had already returned from the home of her childhood, to that of a married sister with whom she was to reside temporarily, that she was reminded of the existence of Mrs. Waldron by receiving the lady's card one morning, together with an earnest request that Miss St. Julian would favor her with a moment.

The interview was a long and painful one. Mrs. Waldron had been surprised by the announcement of the testamentary clause of which, in her ignorance of business, she had supposed accomplished according to Mr. St. Julian's promise. She had listened to Pioneer & Parchment, who had been summoned to the house drawn up by Mr. St. Julian's desire, the day previous to his decease, were signed, and since they had never received his signature.

"He was a good man," the widow concluded ordinarily feelings. Of course Mrs. Waldron could not expect that Miss St. Julian would wish to do nothing that would lessen the value of the inheritance of fifteen thousand dollars over, and with the probable, nay, certain rise of a number of real estate in the upper wards of the city; a much larger sum than the property left by Pioneer said, and Mrs. Waldron left its presence without a word of complaint or reproach on her stirs.

Stella had come from there straightway to visit Bella, remembering, in this hour of trouble, that she and all men had entrusted the lady's daughter as the kindly hostgirter of his intended.

Bella could only promise to use her influence with the baron, of which she was by no means sure, since she was still under age, and not legally competent to take control of her own properties. She could only sweetly sympathize with the young widow, and bestow upon her such small influence as she possessed. Conducted ourselves by having her father's carriage at her disposal; she had come to look upon as her opportunity, Mrs. Waldron would be glad to see her home no longer here.

Like most American women, she had been reared as if fortune was certain, and the future was unthought of, and when the day of hostility and sexegrets, and quite ready to endure privations, if she had but known how to endure them, if she had but known how.

As it was, she had a fearful state of insensitude and foreboding during the few days that elapsed between her father's death and the day on which the young lady drove out to the villa, and delighted at the opportunity of showing her self-possessed her father's lawful property.

Bella, unwilling to trust her sword to a stranger, by no means confident of her own powers, had requested Mr. Gould to accompany her, and to bring to Mrs. Waldron the intimation of the wishes of the St. Julian family.

She had been laughed to scorn in a family circle, and was very piqued, and finally insisted, that the interview should be conducted by her should be carried out. And she did not mention how finally received the letter, and how carefully sacrificed on her own part, in having the matter made wholly her own, and came to propose to Mrs. Waldron.

Gerry Gould was the only other brother, with the exception of the twin, bound himself to Bella by the ties of blood. Mr. Waldron's accommodating house is a central part of the city, so as she drove to the door, she saw Gerry, that she should at once vacate her present home.

"You have the furniture of this house, Mrs. Waldron," said Bella. "Why not at once remove to your own, and avoid the expense of a house. I will come to you at once, and I have the furniture of my own apartments."

Aaron Gould had projected a business audit and a commercial speculation, and was the proprietor, and he had been blessed, in other words, with a very handsome income, and a large one. Thus was about to be happy and comfortable. Gerry was going to his father, the judge of the day—could reflect upon them all but with a sense of pleasure and satisfactory enjoyment. But it was not so now. All was still in confusion, and that she was not able to be idle, and the sick man often open his eyes, and look around him, as if he would be a very easy thing to get rid of his friends, and be left alone. But he was not more severe than he had expected. He met the change for the worse in a day or two, but did not speak with him. He met him with a look of pain, and left the room with him. In order to do this it was necessary that he of business should be attended to, and to gratify the receive it was necessary that he should be present. This the very reason which enabled him to be present. This the very reason which enabled him to be present. This the very reason which enabled him to

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

WE ALWAYS SEND THE LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or when ordered to stop, unless we have a new order to continue it. It will be safer to send a new order to prevent interruption before the time expires.

TO THOSE WHO ASSIST.—We shall pay no travelling agents. Those who assist us to add to our circulation will be paid for their time, as we advertise.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless it is given us by name, as well as by present address.

SAMPLE MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

LYON—LANDER.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

NATHANIEL LYON—son of a substantial farmer, grandson of an honored soldier of the American Revolution,—was born in the little rural township of Ashford, Conn., July 14, 1819, entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1837, graduated in 1841, and was immediately appointed a second lieutenant of infantry in the regular army; first saw active service in the Florida War in Florida; followed Gen. Scott to Vera Cruz in 1847; distinguished himself, while still only a first lieutenant, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he received a brevet captaincy; was promoted captain for gallantry at the battles of Contreras and Churubusco; was slightly wounded at the storming of Chapultepec, and entered the City of Mexico at the Salon Gate; was sent at the close of the Mexican War to California; served there 1853, he received his commission as full captain, was transferred with his company in 1853 to Kansas, where his observation of the wrongs and outrages endured by the Free-State settlers at the hands of the Missouri "Border Ruffians," converted him to ardent hostility equally with the defiance and the politics of the former; was in command of the Arsenal at St. Louis when all the large of the bombardment and fall of Fort Sumter agitated that beleaguered city; drew thither in her profoundest depths, and evoked an instant Military organization, just enough of the friends of those who were ready to fight for Secession and "Southern Rights." Step was formed, in which many hundreds of volunteers were speedily drilled for active service; was appointed to seize St. Louis, and took the fortress of Missouri with those of adjoining States refused Sudden relief "aunt," killing thirteen and taking seventy-five prisoners, among but two of the latter were killed. It was this enterprise which civilized the Secession Governor of Missouri, Claiborne F. Jackson, to flee from the capital, and precipitate the City after the battle of Bull's Bluff, and was severely wounded in the leg by a musket-ball. Only thirty days before he could again walk or ride; but so soon as he could do either he was at the front, and very prominent in opening a division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which had been destroyed by the rebels, and was still threatened by them. He subsequently, in the Autumn of 1861, made a forced march of twenty-two miles to Blooming Gap, Va., where he dispersed and routed Secession rebel "aunt," killing thirteen and taking seventy-five prisoners, among but two of the latter were killed. It was this enterprise which civilized the Secession Governor of Missouri, Claiborne F. Jackson, to flee from the capital, and precipitate the City after the battle of Bull's Bluff, and was severely wounded in the leg by a musket-ball. Only thirty days before he could again walk or ride; but so soon as he could do either he was at the front, and very prominent in opening a division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which had been destroyed by the rebels, and was still threatened by them.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1862.

To Brigadier-General F. W. LANDER:

SIR: The President of the United States has been charmed with the character and conduct of the troops under your command, and with the officers and soldiers of your command. You have shown yourself worthy of the confidence reposed in you by the President, and have proved yourself a brave and skilful officer. Your marching in winter to the relief of Blooming Gap, Va., when the enemy in overwhelming numbers had driven in the pickets of that command, and your subsequent return to Hancock, will be ranked in the annals of this war with the exploits of those heroes of ancient times who have been celebrated for their deeds of valor. The President has directed me to tell you that he will be glad to see you at the seat of Government.

By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

This blow was designed as the prelude to one more decisive; but the rebels, who had been driven by his superior, and was therefore forbidden. He was ordered to the Potomac, and joined Gen. Banks's division his own force and that of Gen. Banks, and destroy or capture the bridges, which, if left intact, the opportunity has been afforded him.

He was then between the rebels and Gen. Banks's hostile, hitherto robust, was shaking with the combined effects of a fever and ague. Nevertheless, and the knowledge exposure and hardship of his spirit of command, he pushed on to do his work as effectually. If the opportunity was denied him, it was not his fault. Gen. Banks could be collected into one great body, there was a general battle, and Gen. Lander was not the true mourners. It cannot be denied that brilliant qualities were in him," but, alas! there is more trembling.

RENTS.

The annual dreaded bread has commenced, and the "right of visit" is being exercised with unusual severity. The agents appear in all directions, armed with the results of their labors. They expected to find the tenants in the same condition of the high rents demanded and submitted to before the war, but they are disappointed. We are sorry to hear it. Real estate is a good investment, and the population is on the existing pressure. And besides, why should rents be high? We need cheap houses, and if we all know, stores and offices can be had at a reasonable rate. Why should they be kept up on the rates of a year ago? The local and federal taxes have not risen in the last year, and the landlords cannot screw the tenants up to the old figures because they may as well abandon the idea. They must either or vacant, and the latter is the common result of houses will be encouraged. Hundreds of rooms have been vacant for the last twenty or thirty months, because the owners have insisted upon the old rates, and will remain so for many months to come. In former years, landlords entertained the idea that tenants must have to pay rent, or their own valuation of their houses and lots, as they had to do. Experience has corrected this impression, and down this gross compromission of the rents. To this method of calculation—as regards dwelling-houses—there is no objection to make. If they continue to do so, irrespective of the condition of the market, they must take the consequences. Rents are now as cheap as it is now, and thousands of families will be looking for houses. They will and take up their quarters in boarding establishments, unless a very material reduction is made in the rents of houses of every class, before the expiration of the letting season.

THE CHEERFUL SOCIETY.—A private in the Prussian army was condemned to death for a crime he had not died in camp of fever.

"Now," said the officer in charge, "you have performed your duty, and I believe if there is a home of peace I will be there. But I want to ask a favor. It is true to his God and his country." He added: "I am a Christian, and I am ready to die because I think I shall like it, or shall make myself out of it, but because I believe that I shall be happier."

Upon entering the room of such men—animated by unwavering faith in God, victory is certain.

The poor have little—because none;
The rich have little enough and can.

The happiness of man arises more from his lowest than his outward condition; and the amount of good in the world cannot be much increased but by increasing the amount of good-will.

LOOSE HINTS ON MATTERS OF PROPRIETY AND PROFITABLENESS.

LETTERS SHOULD BE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY.

A business letter, which requires an answer, should be answered as soon as the subject matter admits. There is no use in putting it off; you will never be more at leisure than you are now. If you write a letter requiring an answer on your own business, you should enclose a stamp for the prepayment of postage. If a letter is enclosed in an envelope, the name of the person to whom it is addressed should be written upon it, where upon the letter itself.

SEALS, WAFERS, SELF-SEALING ENVELOPES.

A seal was formerly considered preferable to a wafer for all but business letters. The great convenience of self-sealing envelopes has caused them, to a considerable extent, to take the place both of wafers and wax seals. The latter, however should be used when the contents are of a confidential nature, and a handsome wafer only gives a highly finished appearance to a letter.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

A letter of introduction should, as a general rule, be handed to the person introduced unsealed, so that he may read it. By using it, he is delivered it should be sealed up, but not with a seal of the person who delivers it.

It is a good way to leave a letter of introduction with your card. But if you wish to economize, you can send in your letter and card, and, if the person is disengaged he will receive you.

SOME SHORT LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

Greater latitude prevails here than in the older countries in giving letters of introduction. Not only has every traveller a letter, unless he has been told to you, you have a right to send him to your acquaintance, and your friends are ready to share his kindness. The safest course with regard to the letters of introduction carried beforehand to introduce your friends to him, and you will always be done. The right is the same way to make pretty sure that you are not introducing an undesirable friend. Before you seem to be of opinion that if a person is what he represents himself to be an author of books, or in any other way distinguished, all the world has a right to be introduced to him.

IS A MAN'S HOUSE HIS CASTLE?

Some persons again seem to think that, if an individual is a "public character," as an author, or a member of Congress, a candidate, or an editor, he forfeits the whole of his right to his man's house is his castle. They think that on such personages any one has a right to call, without a letter of introduction or previous solicitations. Such is by no means the case with rascoutes. It takes up the time of the victim, who, if it does not bore him, is frequently annoying to the whole public, and not to individuals who have a real interest in seeing him, should be kept it. Besides, how is the unfortunate "public man" to know whether a parcels friend or a bore, without any voucher for his respectability, is not an impostor, an entry thief, or a pickpocket, except by seeing him?

THOSE WHO SHOULD BE PROPERLY WRAPPED UP.

A book, whether published or in the form of papers, a small article of almost any kind, should be put up in such a way that it cannot be injured by dens up and legibly addressed. If the contents of the package are valuable, they should be sealed. These precautions are necessary, in order to prevent the loss of the package, or injured, and to prevent miscarriage. It may be carelessly dropped in the street or left at the wrong door.

Do not be too economical of your wrapping paper. Do not use up your parcel in a fresh sheet of paper, and let the old pieces of wrapping paper, which you receive from others, serve for you, go into the nursery to make kites for the children.

HOW TO SEND THE NAME OF A PERSON.

Initial letters are used in the address of letters and parcels, to spell the name correctly. Persons who receive letters, or who are called to learn precisely what your correspondent's name is. Many names are spelled in ways that seem are more tenacious. Mr. Smythe feels very uncomfortable if he does not see his initial letter or write his name Smith.

WHAT WORK A MAN LOVES.

When you are writing to a person who is not acquainted with your work, you should describe it fully. Remember that there is no contract to enable him to spell out your meaning correctly. Some people resort to these illegible signatures as a security against detection. It is a poor one, however. It is more difficult to detect a skilful imitation of one of these fashionable hands than to read the plain characteristic signature.

A SEAL, HOWEVER MADE, IS SACRED.

A seal, whether of wax, wafer, or gluten, is sacred. You have no right to break it open, but with the express permission of the person to whom the letter is addressed. The relation of relationship nor intimacy of friendship authorizes you to open another person's letter. Nor ought such permission to be lightly given. If you have a right to inspect your correspondence to a third person, but by allowing your letters to be opened you lose that of your correspondence.

LETTERS ARE SACRED.

A letter, either marked "private" or private in its nature, whether it is marked or not, is sacred. By the way publicity goes, unless the consent of the writer is asked. Even if you find a letter in the street, it, for the sake of injuring the writer, is the depth of baseness to open it, or even to show it to other persons; if there is reason to think the writer means it for the public eye. You have no right to publish even your own private letter to another person, or to show it to any one, without his having previously written or said to you.

LETTERS WRITTEN FOR PUBLICATION IN LETTERS.

The right of property in private letters is held to be so sacred that without the writer's consent the person, it is said to be the purchase to some contents in print, or even to read them aloud, for his heirs to send back to their writers all the letters which he may have written to them, however nor his heirs have a right to publish them.

OFFICIAL LETTERS.

Official letters, as a general rule, ought not to be published without the consent of the government, in whose employ or service they are written. In some cases this consent may be safely taken for granted, but in a doubtful case honor and duty require that permission should be asked.

INVITATIONS.

An invitation to dinner ought immediately to be answered, as the excuse of incivility to leave your host in doubt, whether you will accept his hospitality. Besides, how is he to know that his invitation has not miscarried. How is he to fill your vacant place, if you fail to inform him that you cannot come, or do so at the last moment?

When it is of no great consequence whether you come or not, as in the case of large parties, the usage varies. Some persons, from politeness, immediately answer the invitation. Others leave it unanswered till the last moment, and then only send an answer if in the negative, leaving it to be presumed that they will come if no possible can. Never send an excuse such as the "dear five hundred." It is a great saving of labor to your host's household and to send an excuse of acceptance. Some persons have a very negative manner and send it in the form of apologizing the next day. There are little conventional forms; but an answer, either by personal appearance or in writing, should be returned to every invitation of every kind.

A PERSON'S NAME SHOULD BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

A present, however slight, should always be promptly acknowledged, either in writing or by word of mouth. It is as sacred to call a mark of thanks for a present sent, as an oral acknowledgment for a present made to you. There is no valuable interval, and when it will not look like paying a debt, some present should be made in return, unless such an inequality of circumstances exists, as warrants the acceptance of an unrequited favor.

PURCHASE OF A BOOK BY THE AUTHOR.

When an author presents you a copy of his book, not a moment should be lost in acknowledging it. If you mean, after reading it, to express your opinion of its merits, you can defer this intention. When you come to do so, you will be in a position to say great deal of good things, which, however, prudence as well as sincerity forbids your doing unless you can do it conscientiously. If you are objectionably practice, in which "public men" are too apt to indulge, to write a commendatory notice of a book you little or no value, or which they have not read.

If an author presents you with a book, and you see which you would yourself have bought, but which you have not intended to buy, by several, see and give the spare copy to some public library, or to some one whose means are known to it. The author has done enough in showing you his book, and it is dishonest to try divide with him the expense of his generosity.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The following hitherto unpublished original letter from General Washington is believed never to have been published. The name of the person to whom it was written does not appear upon the letter, but it is evident from the contents that it must have been addressed to Mrs. Martha Parke Custis, the lady to whom he had for some months engaged, and to whom he was married on the 6th of January, 1759. The original is in relation of the parties to mind, the formal style of address and the old style of spelling of the words, and in the latter portion of the letter are characteristics of the Times and of the Lady. The handwriting is of course neat and careful.

CAMP AT HAYS TOWN, 25th June, 1758.

DEAR MADAM:—Do so still misunderstand the cruel reason of your silence, that I am at a loss to account for it. Whether you have wrote or not, I would hope upon the contrary as I cannot suppose you would be guilty of so much cruelty as to let me remain in doubt, when a few lines from you would relieve me from it. Major Grant with a chosen Detachment of 800 Men Marched from our advanced Post on the Ohio the 14th Inst. at Night and attempted on the Night of the 15th to arrive at that place, or rather upon a Hill near to it; from whence he might have a full view of the Fort, which could not be discovered in the Day time, and burnt a Log House not far from the Fort—Each of these Men carried a Fire ball, and Major Grant would have reach'd the Enemy next Morning without being discovered, had not a Negro Man, who had stole a great Body of Men to Battle from the Fort & on their Return discovered the Major's Detachment, and Our fide with the utmost efforts that bravery could yield, and after a severe and quite close Engagement of near two hours, were obliged to retire with the loss of 27 Officers killd and 62 Men besides wounded.

The Major has a heavy load to our Affairs here, & a sad Misfortune to our Regiment, that has lost out of 8 Officers 7 killd & wounded, & 3 Captains killd & wounded—and 62 of the latter killd besides wounded. Captain Bullet, who was one of the killd, was a Gentleman as the other Officers also did, bravely Engaged, and fell at the head of his Company. Your old acquaintance Capt'n Bullet, who is the only Officer of note, was wounded, but I hope is regained immortal honour in this Engagement by his gallant behaviour—I am extremely sorry for the poor Gentleman—it might be thought vanity in me to praise the behaviour of my own People were I to tell you how much they distinguished themselves, but when you consider the loss they have sustained, and hear that every mouth resumes their praise, I hope it will be excused.

What was the great end proposed by this attempt, or what the consequence that would have attended it were not to determine: it appears however from the best Accounts I have been able to get since, that the Fort was in the Engagement.—This & its Dress of the Inners are often Repeated Attempts to Surprise and Cut off the Envoy, than regret a Death that gives birth to Honour & Glorious memory.

I am extremely glad to find that Mr. Parke has escaped the Dangers of the Siege at Louisburg—Gratitude for my Preservation in the Course of our Army furnished at that place, and here gained not one obvious Advantage.—I am extremely glad to hear of your Recovery, and that I expect after a Months further Tryal, and the loss of many more of my People were I to attempt it, I should be Master of the Fort, but when you consider the loss they have sustained, and hear that every mouth resumes their praise, I hope it will be excused.

Whether you have wrote or not, I would hope upon the contrary as I cannot suppose you would be guilty of so much cruelty as to let me remain in doubt, when a few lines from you would relieve me from it. Major Grant with a chosen Detachment of 800 Men Marched from our advanced Post on the Ohio the 14th Inst. at Night and attempted on the Night of the 15th to arrive at that place, or rather upon a Hill near to it; from whence he might have a full view of the Fort, which could not be discovered in the Day time, and burnt a Log House not from the Fort & on their Return discovered the Major's Detachment, which occasioned the Engagement.

I am, dear Madam, Your most obedient & most humble Servt.

GO. WASHINGTON.

MIDNIGHT HOURS.

There are few things more pathetic than the sound of the bells striking out clear and clear to the wakeful ear at midnight. The slow record of the passing moments seems to have an appreciable cadence. Particularly is this true of the watcher by the sick bed, who has to lie in them as the sonorous dread sentence of doom, from which there is no appeal. How welcome, then, the cheerful morning light, or the first sound which breaks the dread stillness. And how many are there now in this great city of ours say nightly, "would God it were morning."

FANNY FERN.

THE CLOSE OF THE EXCHANGE AND INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LEDGER.—We are now ready for contributions of Original Articles, Stories, Poems, Sketches, Letters, and Miscellaneous Matter, suitable for the columns of a first-class family paper. Care is taken by us to reject all matter which is not suitable to be read in the family circle, and our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any two others.

MARCHING SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

Unhang the tents from the tent-poles,
Hands that are hearty and strong!
And yoke the teams to the gun-wains,
And drag the guns along!
And form into line, good fellows of mine,
To right our country's wrong.

Let rebels beat into ploughshares
Their swords, as were meeting an ox,
Or weld coast them as altar-bars, the watch
Our cradles and blood spent;
Step quick into line, good fellows of mine,
For the line of red is gone!

By God's good grace, our ogle
Shall keep his place in the sky!
The world would swing a century back
If he in the east should lie;
His great proud heart all down apart,
And the life of freth in his eye.

The precious blood of the fathers
Makes our flag so bright;
Then bear it aloft with every star
And every stripe in sight!
And each gunner tread with his hand on the head
Of his gun, to the fold of fight.

Careless of ribbons or roses,
To stick in our bosoms are we;
Young lilbacks sprung from the bushes
And nursed in the wild, we agree
That never a bead of spangles can stand
For the sunkissed of sun, and free.

Unhang then the tents from the tent-poles,
Take cross-bones and sling-ropes, and all;
The wind is trampling before us,
And giving the Alarm to boot;
So step into line, good fellows of mine,
In honor to stand, or fall.

THE SECRET CYPHER;

OR,

MYSTERY OF A LIFETIME.

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRIAL; OR, LOVE AND STRATEGY."

CHAPTER XVI.

Shortly afterwards a visitor requested to see Miss Rawdon.

It was Judah Murdock.

Her narrower look and heart-broken expression might have softened any other than he. But softness was not a part of his nature, and in this case, certainly he could not have relented in favor of a hated rival.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Rawdon."

"I am, indeed."

"My business with you can easily be guessed. I come over in the pocket. I suppose you have received letters."

"I did."

"Then you know all."

"Yes," said Lelia, timidly.

"You must see how great the danger is. Nothing can avert it without my permission. You see now that I did not exaggerate. Your blind confidence in the innocence of Blount Aymar has indeed been fatal to him."

"I confide in his innocence yet."

"Then you will see him perish?"

"I cannot believe it."

"You will soon know it. No one now has a doubt of his guilt. Circumstances are all against him. The actions of the subsequent life, so far from exonerating him, only go to prove his guilt."

"I believe that there is a God in Heaven, and He will not let the innocent suffer."

"That is a very bad principle," said Judah, with a sneer. "For even if your wishes were heaven, he could have but faint hopes of the interposition of Providence in my behalf experience I have found that in the world the innocent suffer as well as the guilty, and sometimes in this case, even if he is as innocent as a child, nothing can save him."

"You at least have done all that you could to destroy him."

"I will not deny it. Apart from any little personal interests, you must be aware that it is the duty of every true man to protect and to avenge the innocent. I believe Blount Aymar to be the author of a horrid crime, it is but right that I should seek to have him punished."

Lelia was silent.

"I wish you to have a clear and distinct idea of the danger he is in."

"I know too much already."

"It is more important for you to know this than any other person in the world."

"If you come again to try and tempt me, I tell you at once that your efforts are entirely useless. I am astounded. I believe Blount Aymar to be the author of a horrid crime, it is but right that I should seek to have him punished."

Lelia was silent.

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"If you come again to try and tempt me, I tell you at once that your efforts are entirely useless. I am astounded. I have given my heart to one, and I cannot be frightened or persuaded into giving my hand to another."

"Will you not even listen to me then?" said Judah, his face exhibiting a perfect tempest of evil passions.

"Speak on. Time passes drearily with me, and any conversation is better than my own thoughts."

"The only hope that the friends of Blount Aymar now have is to find out who that person is may be saved from death. They will try to have his sentence commuted, so as to be certainly of his being confirmed, no one doubts it for a moment."

Lelia shuddered.

"You can save him."

She turned pale then even.

"In other case, you cannot be united to Cyril. Look at this matter calmly and fairly. Your union with him now is a matter of utter impossibility. Whether you will or not, you cannot be joined to him. You must give him up."

"Never."

"You may carry him in your thoughts, and make your life miserable by doing so; but remembrance will not avail to bring him to you. Overwhelmed with disclosure, he will fly from his native land, and you will never hear of him again."

"Then I can carry his memory forever, and we can meet in a better world."

"There you may seek comfort in that prospect, I imagine," sneered Judah.

"There may not be much, as you; but to me it brings hope and support."

"Since you cannot possibly hope to be united to Cyril," continued Judah, in a cool manner, "it is evident that the only reasoning for you to do, is to see what course may be the best for him. There are two modes of action before you. One is to keep silence, as you are; and let him perish; the other, to come forward and save him from ruin."

My mind is fixed. There is only one course," said Lelia, wearily.

"Think of his father."

"I think of my plighted faith."

"His own life depends upon this."

"His own life would be worthless to him were I to betray him."

"That is a childish fancy. Time will roll on, your image will vanish from his memory, and at last he will bless you for rescuing him from ruin."

"Never, never. He would justly curse me till his dying day."

"You are too romantic. Such a fancy may do for poetry, but for real life it is ridiculous."

"No more so than any other pure and sacred sentiment. All virtue may be alike ridiculous to you."

"Virtue. Is there any virtue in saving him through dissimulation?"

"Dishonor! Nonsense!"

"It is nothing else than the foulest dishonor."

"Some day you will bitterly lament your girlish fastidiousness."

"At least I will never lament my fidelity."

"If Cyril were here, I could no longer consented to him, he would desire you to comply with my proposal. Silence might prevent him from saying it in words; but in his honest soul he would cry: 'Save me! Save me! Lelia!'"

"If Cyril were here," said Lelia, with a burst of feeling, "you well know that he would hurl you out of his window, for daring to come here with such a proposal."

"Not he. He would have too much sense. Do you think he likes the prospect of being disgraced for life?"

"God will give him strength if it comes to that."

"You may perhaps have a secret thought that even at the worst Cyril and you may not be parted. You are undoubtedly willing to overlook his disgrace, and I be cause to ask you, you could without doubt unite your fate with his."

CYRIL AND HIS DISTRESSED.

"Most certainly," said Lelia. "On him there is no stain."

"But did it never strike you that he would first differently? Do you think he would return to you if his father died a felon's death? He is the murderer and pound, and the execution of his father would also be the destruction of your hopes."

"I know that too well," murmured Lelia. "And yet you refuse."

"And yet I refuse."

"Is there no possible hope? Must Blount Aymar die?"

"There is no hope from me."

"Alas, then," exclaimed Judah, rising, "my plans is overthrown. I bogus all this, not to destroy Blount Aymar, but to win you. I love you, and all my life I will remember you, even as you are. You now refuse me, and by that refusal you not only doom Blount Aymar to death, but you bid me go and become his destroyer. Henceforth you will have to answer over the evil consequences of your obstinacy. And know, all your life, that by your madness, you have doomed Blount to death, Cyril to grief, and me to the darkest misery of all."

"Base hypocrite!" cried Lelia, all carried away by a burst of indignant feeling, "am I to foul to be talked to in such a way. Do you not know that you yourself inclined all this scheme, and have plotted the destruction of the noblest man that lives? But you will live to weep tears of blood over your work. Remorse will haunt you while you live, the images of your ruined friends will never leave you. Even at this very moment: I have only mentioned my faith to Cyril as the cause of my rejection of you. Now I tell you this, that even if I had no engagement with him, even if I were free to my affections, and had never seen him, I would reject you with scorn and contempt. I look upon you as one basest of men; your malice and wickedness belong to death, and not to human life. Rather than unite myself to one like you, I would die a hundred deaths. Depart. Leave me. Depart, you bring a curse with you wherever you go. From this time, I loathe, abhor you."

She turned and left the room.

Judah stood motionless. Lelia's wrath had made her indescribably lovely. Never before had he seen her so beautiful. Never had contempt overwhelmed him. He was mute.

At this moment the Judge entered.

Murdock hastened to the door.

"Where is Cyril?" the Judge, haughtily. "Your recent course against Blount Aymar makes you out as the bitterest enemy of the Ashmore man, are there no bounds to your villainy and effrontery? You come with your propositions to my noble-hearted child. You come to torment her, and to tell her that she is the cause of all this. Am I nothing? Is my permission anything? Scoundrel. Rail! If my daughter could be induced to accept you, I would destroy her rather than suffer you to gain her."

"The breed of vipers is not extinct," cried the Judge, with deep scorn. "Leave my house."

"You have begun all this on an uncertainty. You have begun all this on an uncertainty. Judge Ashmore, you are not dead yet. In the first place, do you know what it is to attempt to barter away your indictment, or to conceal any of crime, after the criminal is imprisoned? You cannot know it. But forward! You engage in on your path!"

"Let him come," cried Judah, interrupting the Judge. "I don't care what may be done to me. Blount Aymar's doom must shall fall."

"He shall not die!" cried the Judge.

"He shall die!" roared Judah, with an oath.

"You confide in the strength of your neighbors and the proofs that you can bring forward. But there are other things that you have never taken into account."

"What things?" said Judah, startled by the Judge's manner, which evinced a calm confidence and almost contempt.

"Do you think I will tell you?"

"You have said that you will bring forward."

"If I told you what I know you would tremble," said the Judge, sternly.

Judah laughed.

"I give you warning now. This much I will tell you: If you go on in this trial, you will bring down upon yourself a terrible destruction. There are certain reasons why I would not wish to see you ruined, not for your own sake, but for the sake of others, and I give you this warning now. If you will not heed it, you will be country now, and never return."

Do you think that vague threats like these can benefit Blount Aymar's case?"

"I have little hope that you will change your course. I do my duty in warning you. Believe. I have not lived sixty years for nothing. I have not been intimate with the family of the Aymars all my life for nothing. Have I no testimony to give?"

"None at all," cried Judah. "You have nothing to say. The case is too clear. The evidence was done. Your knowledge can only injure Blount Aymar. It cannot save. I wish you a very good morning," and with mock politeness Judah bowed and departed.

CHAPTER XVII.

After leaving Lelia, Judah Murdock walked down to his father's house. It was desolate and quiet. As he entered, the servants stared in surprise at his presence, but he took no notice of them. He walked into the library.

Here he was soon joined in his armchair. He looked more feeble than ever before. The weary expression of his face had deepened, and his whole manner was more languid and dejected.

His son walked up to him, and came close to his before the old man noticed him. When he saw him he gave a start and a cry.

"No one walking such a fine," growled Judah. "You ought to know me well enough by this time, I should think."

"Judah!"

"Yes, Judah."

The old man rose to his feet with an energy that was wonderful.

"Judah!" he almost shrieked, "you have opened my prison door."

"Well," rejoined the other, "and what then? I had no more to do with it."

"You."

"Judah! Judah! Thief!" shrieked the old man, in a kind of frenzy. "Midnight assassin!"

"If you speak such fine stuff, I'll go," said Judah, with a sneer.

"Restore to me those papers."

"What do you mean? Are you making such a disturbance for? The papers were worthless to me."

"Fool! Would that they were!" groaned the old man.

"What else can they be?"

"Judah, I warn you before you go know."

"Then drop the subject. If you tell me what I do not want, I will leave them."

"Villain! do you dare to talk in that way to me? I tell you to restore the papers."

"And what if I decline?"

"Then," said the old man, with a hoarse laugh, "You had better try it. You speak as marks you out as the legitimate successor of me. Perhaps you have sufficient property for your support. Perhaps you would like to take me as a favor if I made over my own wealth in trust for a pension."

"Tut, tut, tut," said Judah.

"No fear," cried the old man. "You had better not have gone to this."

"It would be as well for you to be equally calm."

"Come for all, will you give up those papers?"

"No."

"Then I will disobey you."

Judah only smiled blank. Never before had he seen his father so determined and so fierce. He had not thought him capable.

"You would'n be so confoundedly fierce," he said, after a pause. "You will not listen to reason."

"What have you got to say?"

"Why, this: I once opened the secretaire, and happened to see those papers—"

"And your how did you open it?"

"With this key," said Judah, coolly.

"Strange, too," murmured the old man. "And you how did you happen to see those papers?"

"Well, I would not have noticed them except for a word or two."

"A secret slide! You discovered it, did you? I have often meant to have it altered," said the old man, bitterly.

"I was naturally struck by the care with which they were kept, and so I was curious to see what they contained."

"The worse for you," said the old man.

"I see you are vexed, and for your own sake, but for the sake of others, and I give you this warning now. If you will not heed it, you will be country now, and never return."

"Do you think that vague threats like these can benefit Blount Aymar's case?"

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blushes, her eyes lighted up with joy, stood his own Leila. With a cry of delight he folded her in his arms.

"I had to bring her over for a change of air," said the judge, playfully. "I expect that Walton will do her much good. But I must go and see your father. You need not visit him till I return."

So saying he departed.

His whole manner inspired hope. The servants all noticed it, and communicated to each other the joyful tidings that Judge Rawdon had come to Walton to save master.

"Oh, Leila," said Cyril, "he speaks and looks as though there is hope!"

"He says there is, but tells me also not to be sanguine."

"What does he rely on?"

Leila told him what her father had related to her.

"Well, he seems to depend on this, and he knows better than we do. I hope—and I will be patient. My darling! I can bear anything now that you are here."

Meanwhile the judge went to visit his friend.

Blount received him with eager joy. He could not conceal the pleasure that he felt.

"You have not been carried away, then, by public opinion?" said he.

"No—I know you too well, and have known you too long."

"Things look badly."

"They do indeed."

"Have you thought over these circumstances?"

"I have thought of nothing else ever since your arrest," said the judge.

"I do not blame people for thinking me guilty," said Blount. "Appearances are so frightfully against me. Have you decided on any plan?"

"I have," said the judge. "My idea is to prove that it is a conspiracy on the part of Judah."

"Ah!"

"His malevolence has been so apparent, that this will not be impossible to prove. The hat, and the remains, and all the papers might be proved false, and got up skilfully for the occasion."

"It will be difficult to do this."

"No. They must prove that these are authentic. The difficulty is theirs. The witnesses consist of a chief conspirator and his ally—a half crazy old man."

"There may be a hope in this," said Blount. "It will be a sad acquittal, however."

"Can you hope for a better one?"

"No."

"You might escape if you could disclose the whole."

"But I cannot."

"I respect your reasons, but I must say you carry this matter too far."

"I can do nothing else," said Blount. "But your plan scarcely can succeed."

"Why not?"

"Because Judah Murdock has papers that carry in themselves the proof of their authenticity."

"How do you know?"

"I conjecture so."

"Were such papers in existence?"

"Such papers were, and I am afraid that they have come into his possession."

"You think, then, that he will be able to prove their authenticity?"

"I believe that he will."

The judge sat lost in thought.

"Blount," said he, familiarly, "we have been acquainted—indeed we have been intimate friends from childhood."

"We have, Cyril; and I named my boy after you."

"I know your character well—better, perhaps, than you do yourself. I have been familiar with nearly all the events of your life. I have also been in constant connection with criminal cases. The disappearance of Emily Ford thrilled me at the time, and it has been a favorite occupation of mine ever since to study out this problem."

Blount looked at the judge with undisguised curiosity, wondering where all this conversation tended.

"I believe," continued the judge, "that I have about as much penetration as the average of men. You and I have associated for thirty years. We have talked of Emily Ford. In spite of your self-restraint you could not conceal from me the fact that you knew all about her mysterious fate!"

Blount turned pale, and clasped his hand tightly around the chair.

"Moreover," said the judge, "from casual remarks of yours, I have discovered certain things. You did not love her, but another did."

"My God!" exclaimed Blount, "have you known this?"

"For years. But Emily Ford loved you."

Blount said not a word.

"I am too familiar with guilt of every degree and description not to detect its presence. I know well how to distinguish between the secret of a quiet conscience and the secret of a haunted mind. Yours, Blount, was the secret of a quiet conscience. On you there rested no load of crime. I know that. You might have known of the fate of Emily Ford, but you had no hand in it."

"True as sunlight," said Blount, in deep agitation.

"It would need one who was familiar with all your life to penetrate this, and that one was I. Yet it was only a few days since that I came to the knowledge of it all.

"I heard of the fearful charge and the terrible army of proof that sustained it. You were silent under it all. No explanation was given to your friends. No sign came from you. You let public opinion turn against you and you prepared to die. You could tell the name of the murderer. Why did you not?

"Between that murderer and you there must have been close relations. Moreover, that man still lived—else why keep the secret and endanger your life and the hopes of your son? Rather than speak you would receive unutterable infamy. All these I thought of. One thing explained another. Other mysteries came and melted into this. I suddenly saw in this the key to them all. Do I speak in riddles, Blount?"

"You are intelligible to me," said Blount, whose face was as pale as death.

"I know all," said the judge.

"God bless you! God bless you!" cried Blount, and grasping the hand of the judge, he burst into tears.

"Heaven has revealed it. It was no act of yours. The blood of the innocent cries out for vengeance. Let justice be done to the guilty."

"Amen!" exclaimed Blount, fervently.

"You are not willing, then, still to offer yourself up for another?"

"No; for he has proved himself to be utterly unworthy of the sacrifice."

"Yes, let him suffer," cried the judge. "It was his, to atone for the past by heroism equal to yours. His crime could have been forgotten in the lustre of a noble devotion. But his coward nature quailed. He sits calmly by and allows you to suffer in his stead. Worthless as he is, let him now receive his doom, and descend into a dishonored grave with the execrations of mankind."

"Oh, my friend!" cried Blount. "You have saved me. This sudden revulsion of feeling is too much. Hope comes, and despair is turned to joy."

And that calm and self-possessed nature, which stood unmoved amid calamity and affliction, now gave way to the sudden rush of happiness.

The strong man buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud. With an exulting heart, the judge retired, unwilling to intrude upon such a scene.

CHAPTER XX.

The day at last came, the dread time of trial.

The city was full of wild excitement. The prominence of the accused, his long life of uprightness and integrity, his generous and noble nature, the dark mystery of the murdered girl, the life-long sorrow of the father, all these contributed to intensify the common feeling.

From the moment that the court-house was opened it was filled to overflowing. The spectators crowded every part, and then low murmurs arose on high in one indistinguishable tumult.

At length the prisoner appeared. Calm, cool, collected, he looked around upon the vast assemblage with an air of perfect ease, nor did the slightest trace of any kind of emotion show itself upon his face. Many were the remarks which were elicited by his undaunted bearing. Some attributed it to his innocence, but by far the greater part of the spectators saw in this only additional proofs of his brazen and unblushing effrontery.

There, in close proximity to his father, was Cyril. Care-worn and anxious, he watched the proceedings, feeling that all his future depended upon the issue. Leila was left behind, for the thrilling scenes of this trial were not the kind which she could witness without too painful emotions. There, too, was the judge; quiet, self-contained, watchful of everything, and only looking away from the scene before him to see the bearing of his friend.

At length the trial opened with the customary preliminaries.

The first witness was John Ford, the father of the young girl.

At his appearance a murmur went around the court. His venerable face, marked with deep traces of care and sorrow, his gray hairs, and melancholy voice, all excited the utmost sympathy for his cause.

He told about his daughter.

Her beauty and her gentle character. When he came to recount the story of her disappearance, emotion overcame him. He leaned forward, and sobbed aloud. A shudder went through the assembly, and Blount Aymar hid his face.

He went on to tell of his fruitless search, continued through long years, and finally told about his connection with Judah Murdock. That person had come to him secretly, and offered to show him where his daughter had been buried. They went. The place had evidently been undisturbed for years. In the remains which were found he recognized his daughter.

The remains were brought in court, and a thrill of horror passed through the assembly. The scull was exposed to view, bearing the impress of a tremendous blow, which had undoubtedly caused death. Portions of the clothes were there.

The old man was cross examined, and told more.

That dress he well remembered, and the trinkets also. There was no possibility of doubt about them. He produced an old newspaper in which there was a minute description of her dress, and it corresponded perfectly with the remains before the court.

Upon being asked whether his daughter had any lovers, he said that he did not know. But in an old book of hers he had seen the name of "Blount Aymar," written by her, as was evident from the handwriting. There was nothing else to show any acquaintance even with any young man. If she had any lover, their meetings must have been in secret. Secresy would only have been necessary where her lover was of greatly superior station in society.

The old man's testimony was not shaken in a single particular. The hat was exposed to a severe test from different witnesses, who testified that the writing was that of Blount Aymar.

Judah Murdock was the next witness. He was calm and collected, and proceeded to give his testimony.

Some time ago chance threw some papers in his hand. He did not know who owned them. He found them in an old closet of his father's house.

One was a secret cypher.

Out of mere curiosity and a desire to exercise his skill, he proceeded to decipher the writing. This, after considerable trouble, he was able to do. It was intricate and difficult, but he was successful at last.

The purport of this was so strange, so serious, that he was thoroughly aroused. He swore that he had no personal motive whatever, but only a desire to see justice done. He had heard of the case of Emily Ford, and thought that Providence had thrown this in his way, so that the mystery might be revealed.

He at once collected the other papers which had been lying with this, and to his surprise found that they were letters bearing upon this case. From this he saw that there was only one course for him to do, and that was to bring the whole matter before the courts of law.

But first he wished to test the accuracy of these papers. He thought the best way to do this would be to make a secret examination of the well alluded to. If this case should be divulged before examination of the well, the parties implicated might anticipate the authorities.

With this intent he visited John Ford. The old man's sorrows enlisted all his sympathies, and made him feel that he was not only an instrument of justice, but a champion of the poor and the oppressed. This would fully account for all the zeal which he displayed.

The result was before the court. How horrified he had been he need not state. Until the actual discovery he had hoped that it would all be unfounded. Had nothing been discovered, the whole matter would have dropped, and no injury would have been done. But as it was, he had been compelled to make this known, even though the prisoner was one of his own best friends.

The cypher was then produced, and the key to it explained. The meaning was read to the Court:

"In memoriam Emily Ford. I loved her—I betrayed her—I murdered her. Her mangled body lies at the bottom of an old well on the homestead. All nature seems to proclaim my guilt, and cry out, Aymar, Aymar. Life is one long agony, and I would die, but death is worse. Oh, my loved, lost! lost Emily!"

The effect of this upon Blount was frightful. Every trace of color left his face. He seemed transfixed with horror and surprise. The judge also was astonished, not only at the cypher, but at its effect on Blount. The spectators looked upon the prisoner, and felt convinced that he was guilty. As for Cyril, all hope deserted him.

The letters were then read. They were full of all the usual protestations of affection. It was evident that the poor girl had been betrayed. She urged marriage; she spoke of becoming Mrs. Aymar. The person to whom she wrote she always called by some affectionate word, and not by any Christian name. Still every soul in that assemblage felt that it was Blount.

The horror of his countenance had now passed away, and was succeeded by a profound sadness. He listened eagerly, drinking in every word. His rapt attention was almost painful. Cyril, in an agony of dread, was afraid to look at his father. The crowd around expressed their feelings at times in brief ejaculations which smote upon his heart like sword thrusts. Judah Murdock was calm and impassible, like an avenging fate, and the judge never took his eyes off Blount's face.

It was a terrible scene—the despairing letters, the mortal remains, the agitation of the prisoner, and the deep excitement of the spell-bound crowd.

Questions were put to Judah Murdock, which he answered clearly and unhesitatingly. His whole manner was that of a man who had a mournful duty to perform, and was prepared to carry it through.

He could not account for the presence of those papers in the house. His father knew nothing at all about them, and had never seen them until he had shown them. His father was born in another country, and had come to this country about fifteen years previously. These papers must have been left in the house by a previous occupant.

All this evidence was terrible. John Ford swore to his daughter's handwriting. It was impossible to resist the impression that the prisoner was guilty.

At this point, however, the counsel for the prisoner arose.

He stated that there was one very important person whom he wished to bring forward as a witness. He requested a postponement of the case until this witness should come.

"Who is he?"

"John Murdock, of Danville," said the counsel.

Blount started as though he had been shot. Judah Murdock stared around him with a horrified expression. Cyril looked up, with strange thoughts and suspicions bursting in upon his mind.

"John Murdock!"

All the past and present seemed to become illumined before him. The mighty secret trembled on the brink of its development.

The Court was adjourned.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE FEMALE POISONER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROFESSOR ALF. WATCHNER.

Dost thou not hear the melancholy tolling,
 See'st thou the masses rushing to and fro;
And that strange wagon dost its dismal rolling
 Speak to the sinner! of a place of woe.
Ha! I behold thee now, thou unrelenting
 Daughter of hell, murderer of men below,
Go in the lap of evil, unrepenting,
 Unto the fearful place of judgment go!

Up then, my brothers; forward to your places;
 Up, for the sake of heaven, and see the worst!
See how the crowd fill all the empty places,
 How from the houses the wild masses burst!
Now, dread and heartless woman, be thou ready
 To hear the sentence, awful and sublime;
When the stern Judge, in accents firm and steady,
 Shall speak thy fit reward for deeds of crime.

Farewell to all which once your soul delighted,
 The lovely valleys and the pleasant meads,
Farewell, companion of the sun, who lighted
 With her pale lamp full oft your evil deeds!
Farewell to all the well-remembered places
 That were thy paradise in childhood's time.
Farewell to girlish smiles and girlish faces
 That blest thee ere thy sinful days of crime!

O, when a little child, when young and tender,
 Upon thy mother's bosom thou wert nursed,
Did'st thou each thought to [illegible] surrender,
 Was [illegible] deed within thee from the first?
Thou wert thy parents' proudest hope and treasure,
 And drest in chaste and lovely garments then,
Engaged in childish talk and childish pleasure,
 Did'st thou appear an angel among men.

Ah! what strange power to evil deeds compelled thee.
 What strong delusion glowed before thy sight;
What fearful spell in its enchantment held thee,
 So thou could'st look on crime without affright?
O, Mary, Mary, now the hour is dying,
 When on thy neck shall fall the blow most just,
Thy head of evil and thy mouth of lying
 Shall fall before the people in the dust!

Mourn for her fate all you who still have cherished
 A feeling of humanity within.
Mourn, if your nobler feelings have not perished
 Amid the world's temptation and its sin!
Lightly, as bubbles in the air, have vanished
 All your delights in everlasting gloom;
And ghostlike forms, from dark abysses banished,
 Will haunt you, like pale corpses, from the tomb.

Ah! fearful woman! could not man, tormented,
 Nor even the look with which pure childhood pleads,
Nor the dread features which the corpse presented,
 Have power to hold thee from thy murderous deeds!
Not even the infant, with its tender crying,
 When in its veins was felt the poison fires;
Not in the throat the rattle of the dying,
 Could turn thee from thy horrible desires.

Surely thy deeds were prompted by the Devil.
 For while thy father looked upon thy face,
Thou didst present to him the draught of evil
 Monster! and stand untrembling in thy place.
As one who was most tender, and most loving,
 Thou gav'st him thy deceitful mouth to kiss;
And conscience slept within thy soul unmoving,
 Thou fiend! allied to all of wickedness!

Ah! Death and Hell were in thy look forever,
 And Death and Hell were ever in thy heart!
And of the many who embraced thee, never
 Has one escaped thy strange and deadly art.
Thy gentle sister, and thy patient mother,
 Even the blood of these thy hand has spilt;
And thou didst poison, serpentlike, thy brother,
 Only God's mercy can forgive thy guilt!

O, Mary, Mary, of thy sins repent thee,
 As if thou wert already in that pain
Which at the day of judgment shall torment thee
 While all thy cries for mercy are in vain.
Then voices, like the voices of the dying,
 Shall torture thee with agonizing pain,
And like a tiger, after warm blood crying,
 Shall come to thee the wailings of the slain.

Ah! see how fearfully it can mislead us,
 When in our heart lies coiled the serpent, sin;
Upon its fearful poison it may feed us,
 Till no repentance can be felt within.
Then forward, now, unto thy place of dying;
 How the cart rattles as it moves along;
No more shalt thou upon that bed be lying,
 Where thou for deeds of evil didst grow strong.

O, Mary, Mary, but one little hour,
 And from thy trunk will fall that head of crime,
And thou of life, and all its fearful power,
 Shalt be deprived, in one short moment's time.
Ah! see her onward to the scaffold pressing,
 While the robed priest stands by her in his place,
And as his lips bestow their words of blessing,
 How ghastly is the whiteness of her face!

Can this be sign of a repentance holy,
 Is it remorse within thy soul that speaks?
Where is the sorrow that should bow thee lowly,
 Where are the tears that should bedew thy cheeks?
No, fearful woman, thou dost feel no terror;
 For if, when thy first guilty deed was done,
Thou didst not shrink from the dark path of error,
 There is no hope for thee beneath the sun!

Woman! in God's name, now, no more delaying!
 Headsman! throw o'er her face the cloth of sin!
They who come here come cursing, and not praying,
 Now thy most fearful curses will begin.
Haste, man, before thy courage be diminished,
 Thou hast a fearful duty to fulfil;
'Tis but a blow, and human life is finished,
 O, do not torture, but strike sure, and kill!

ST. REGIS HALL.

A TALE OF TRYON COUNTY IN 1777.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "THE MAXLOW ESTATE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The presentiment which had weighed so heavily on the mind of Major Barton was painfully fulfilled.

Even while he watched the vigorous efforts of the gallant little band who had so freely risked their lives for the general safety, a charging shout arose from the foe, a volley was fired from the western side of the pile, followed by a rush of dark forms between it and the house, to intercept the flight of any who might attempt to regain the window.

Who fell and who was captured it was impossible to say; Rubel alone regained the cellar, (with a shattered arm,) and it was no light aggravation to those who, from within, witnessed the dreadful onslaught, that they dared not fire upon the ferocious enemy while their own friends were mingled with them.

Dismay seized on the hearts of the besieged party, and grief unspeakable for their fallen comrades, but there was no time to mourn over a fate which might so soon be an envied one to the more wretched survivors.

Rubel reported but little fire remaining when they were obliged to abandon their work, but said that, of course, it would soon acquire new headway, if unopposed, and he recommended an instant return to their plan of a *sortie* and a charge upon the enemy as the only means of safety.

"You can disperse the pile," he said, "and perhaps inflict such punishment on the cowardly gang as to get rid of them altogether, especially if we follow it up by bringing the swivel into use in the rear. It can be brought down at once by the servants, aided by some of the stronger women, if necessary.

"Even Pike and Coots can do something at that," said one, "if they are quite sure it isn't loaded."

"And this very window may be a good place to plant it," added Major Barton; "one discharge from here will probably frighten them quite away from this side of the house. It is well thought of, Doctor, but surely you are in need of instant help yourself."

"Not much. It is my left arm which is hit, and I will instruct one of the women how to bind it up, so as to stop the bleeding, which is all it requires at present. Never mind me."

They were about to leave the cellar, and some prepared to close the window by restoring the planks which had been removed from it, but Major Barton forbade them.

"Some of our men may possibly have escaped death," he said, "and may make their way back to the opening. They must not find themselves barred out. Two men can guard it against a hundred."

Two were accordingly left on this duty, while the remainder of the party returned above stairs, yet not immediately to set out on the perilous enterprise which had been planned.

Major Barton resolved to leave no effort untried which might obviate the terrible necessity of venturing out of his stronghold against such fearful odds, and there was hope yet that the fire might be kept down, for a while at least, by a discharge of water from the upper windows, without serious exposure of those engaged in the work. This experiment was speedily tried, and gave some promise of success.

Some brought water, some knelt beneath or beside the windows to throw it out, dodging hastily back to avoid the bullets, while others fired at random into the yard to alarm and keep back the foe.

But the sheltered position of the savages behind the shed enabled them to keep up a dangerous fire through the narrow opening they had made, without serious exposure to themselves, and it soon became doubtful whether the flames could be extinguished in this way without even greater loss of life than might attend the bolder attack reserved for a *dernier* resort.

New and startling events were meanwhile occurring below stairs. Scarcely had Mr. Barton withdrawn his force from the cellar, when his wise foresight in regard to the lost men, was signally evinced by the sudden return of Hans the Oneida, who came flying through the window, as if he had been projected from a catapult.

He reported his companions killed beyond a doubt, having seen their bodies dragged from the bush while he was concealed in the thickest part of it, and having seized the moment to effect his escape when the Mohawks were squabbling over and grabbing the spoils, in the shape of clothing and small arms.

The fire, he said, was still burning, and would of course be immediately started anew in half a dozen places, but he announced his entire readiness to go again with the sallying party to put it out.

Yet as the three men, having secured the window, were about to rejoin their comrades, an idea occurred to the Oneida, upon which he at once proceeded to act, with the readily accorded aid of his companions, who, in common with all the besieged party, entertained the highest opinion of the friendly Indian's valor and ingenuity.

"Hans will be Big Bison," he said. "Mohawks no shoot him! Ha!"

He quickly divested the dead man of his principal garments and arrayed himself in them, having first laid aside the corresponding portions of his own dress. A tunic and kilt of blue cloth, buckskin leggins, and moccasins, embroidered with many colored beads—a sash also richly beaded, and a head-dress composed of a tuft of eagle's feathers, bound with some tinsel cincture, composed the distinctive features of the slain man's apparel. But even when clad in these, and aided by a tolerable resemblance in size and shape to the Mohawk brave, Hans well knew that his disguise was incomplete without some imitation of the paint which imparted both grotesqueness and ferocity to the features of the Big Bison; and that under any circumstances which required the exposure of his face even by a faint light, his Indian enemies would instantly detect the deception.

Not knowing to what use he might want to put his disguise, he resolved to make it as perfect as possible, and remembering that on some of his frequent visits at the Hall he had seen Miss Barton engaged in drawing and painting, he believed that she could furnish him with the means of making at least a partial imitation of his enemy's physiognomy.

He hastily sought her, and found in her a ready and skillful auxiliary. She procured her art implements, including the many-hued paints which had so often excited his admiration, and together with Miss Hale, and Coots, who was officiously ready for any service which did not involve danger, she accompanied him back to the side of the ghastly object, whose fantastic features were to form the model of her work.

Never before had such a task devolved upon such gentle hands, but Elizabeth nerved herself to her loathsome work, which was partly relieved of its painful character by the genial good nature and even mirthfulness of her forest friend.

Hans's broad face and ample chest were free from paint, yet he carefully washed and dried his clear olive skin before submitting it to the fair artist's brush, which was quickly in motion upon it, and that with no delicacy of touch.

If it was not an easy matter to imitate the glaring hues and rude symbols which disfigured the Mohawk's person, it was only because the work was too coarse for a hand accustomed to the elegant labors of the easel.

It required some exertion, too, on the part of Elizabeth, to look at the dreadful model for her work, which had been propped up in a sitting posture by the wall, while Luke and Mr. Coots held lights beside it, and Fanny Hale, also holding a lamp, stood near Miss Barton and her living canvas.

The face of the Oneida, from forehead to chin, was first made of an uniform red, almost a fiery scarlet indeed, after which a very broad and very black circle was drawn around each eye, covering the eyebrows, and extending to about an equal distance beneath the lower lid. The mouth was surrounded by a similar ring and crooked black lines, designed to represent horns, were painted upon the temples.

This part of Elizabeth's task was easy of accomplishment, and her success in it was pronounced perfect, greatly to the delight of Hans, who still expressed some fears that she might not be competent to the more artistic labors which remained, for a rampant bison was to be delineated on the Indian's chest, and several devices on the arms, after a groundwork of red had also been applied to those parts of his body.

It did require care to copy the uncouth pictures with sufficient correctness to make them as bungling and as unlike nature as the originals, yet even in this the young lady succeeded so well that when a mirror was brought to the Oneida, in order that he might examine and criticise the work, he had no improvements to suggest.

He looked at himself a few seconds in speechless admiration, and then seizing his rifle and dropping from his erect attitude into the more stooping posture of the Mohawk, he walked backwards and forwards a few times, practising the gait of his late enemy, and even his peculiar mode of carrying his gun, with a ready fidelity, which attested his close habits of observation and his strong imitative powers.

A smile of perfect satisfaction lighted up his now horrid features, as he said:

"The Big Bison is alive again. He will go back to his friends."

"Better not let Mass Fred see you like dat, Hans," said Luke. "He shoot you ober agin, jest as sure as you go up dem stairs. Mind I tell you."

"Ugh! So will Josh and the medicine man. All shoot. Go tell 'em Hans is coming."

"We will all go ahead and herald you," said Elizabeth, "for the danger would certainly be very great if you should appear above stairs unannounced. Every gun would be pointed at you at once."

"Good girl! Very much good! Knows everything! Go!"

The Oneida had laid his huge hand familiarly upon the head of Elizabeth, with an air of dignity and a look of affection not a little impressive, despite the wild and ferocious aspect which had been artificially imparted to his features.

The young lady, who well knew his worth, did not shrink from the contact; but, on the contrary, she returned his ill-expressed compliment and kindly gaze with a smile and a pleased and grateful look.

Mr. Coots, however, who looked upon all Indians as monsters, and on Hans as only a tamed specimen of the species, thought to recommend himself to Miss Barton by checking such an approach to familiarity on the part of the tractable Oneida.

"I say! better not do that," he said; "hands off you know. Young ladies are always afraid of Indians. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Hans unnerstans!" said the affronted Oneida, gruffly, and with a sudden fearful change of countenance, while a wrathful glance shot from his eyes, which seemed to penetrate the quailing dandy. "He unnerstans! He knows chatter man! Talk! Talk! No shootem gun! Hide 'mong women! Hans knows, but can't speak 'um—ugh!"

His rage had increased his difficulty of giving expression to his ideas in the English language, but he sputtered forth his few contemptuous epithets with great volubility, until Elizabeth interfered and pacified him by soothing words, and by despatching the terrified fop ahead, to announce the transformation of the republican Oneida into a royal Mohawk.

The safety of Hans was most welcome intelligence to all, and his return was considered most opportune at a moment when the twice deferred *sortie* was at last fully resolved upon, and was on the point of being carried into effect.

The disguise, although much admired for its ingenuity, was regarded only as a matter conducive to the Indian's personal safety, and excited no considerable interest in a moment of such grave importance to all.

CHAPTER XXX.

Butler had forborne an attempt to take the Hall by an open and bold assault, which the extent of his force might well have justified, from a desire to save the lives of his men, and perhaps still more out of deference to his Indian allies, who could, with difficulty, be induced to depart from their accustomed manner of fighting.

He believed that the present mode of attack would compel a speedy and unconditional surrender, or if not so, that the defenders of the house could be nearly all shot down or captured while seeking to escape from the burning building, and while fully exposed to view by its light.

That they would venture out, few as he believed them to be, and themselves become the assailants, he did not imagine; and it was doubtless fortunate for the brave band, who had devoted themselves to this enterprise, that their rash and rapid movements were not anticipated.

Major Barton well knew how much depended on celerity and promptness of action, and he took pains to impress this idea upon his companions, whom he had determined to lead in person.

"What we do we must do with a rush," he said to them, "and every man must understand his exact duty before starting. There will be little time to give orders, and small chance to hear them, when once we are outside. Dr. Rubel can tell you that some of the most important operations in surgery are usually performed in a very few seconds. So it is sometimes in war, and in both cases tardiness is often but another name for bungling."

"Dr. Rubel wishes he was going with you, instead of staying here to guard the door," replied the surgeon, whose wounded arm was now in a sling, but who was still armed with pistols—a knife and a hatchet, which projected from various parts of his clothing, and together with his blood-stained coat-sleeve gave him a decidedly bellicose appearance.

The garrison had been reduced to twenty-one, of whom a few must necessarily be left to defend the passage by which the sallying party were to go out, while of the latter nearly half were to give their attention in the first place exclusively to scattering the burning pile, leaving the fighting force small indeed.

Yet all bore weapons of some kind, useful in

a hand to hand encounter, and even some of the miscellaneous implements which were carried to disperse the brush might be made as effective in a close engagement as the guns Hughes's men had been submitted.

Fitchias was the enterprise on which these men were bound, there were some who manifested an impatience of the few delays which impeded their departure; and when Lieutenant Huntington, who had hastened on accompanying the party, suddenly called the Oneida aside and talked eagerly to him apart, not a few aggravations were cast at the caterpillars, and some of the men begged to be led on, before it was too late.

Yet still the earnest conversation went on in voice and pantomime, and Major Barton forbore to interfere only because he had the greatest confidence in the men who thus interrupted the general movement.

"You are sure that you understand?" Huntington was heard to say, grasping the Indian's swarthy hand.

"Have understand," was the brief answer.

"But be still or they will hear you," said the Indian chief forward, and instead of taking the pipe he had relinquished among the rest, he seemed to determination not to go with them.

"How is this?" asked Barton, observing that his example should produce further defection.

"There my old friend deserts me!"

"The Indian is afraid," said another voice, and several faces blanched at the contemplation of a danger which even the Oneida refused to encounter.

"None is not afraid," was the calm reply, "but he will not go; he will keep door."

Huntington in the meantime exchanged a few words with Major Barton, who, seeing that he was looking at the men who were to have remained with Rutel at the entrance, said:

"It is all right. Who will change places with the Oneida?"

Two of the guard promptly offered themselves, and were being accepted, the first at a signal was thrown open, and the party passed stealthily out, yet with light hearts.

Their exodus did not appear to be immediately discovered, and they formed the angle of the house to confront the now cracking mass of boughs, which was sufficiently lighted to show everything in its immediate vicinity. The pile was at last almost thoroughly ablaze, and although much of it had been delayed by the water which the many soldiers had been pressed into poured upon it, yet the flame had everywhere overcome and licked up the clinging element, and was now partaking mostly from the dryness of the mass. It had not indeed attained its culminating point; the apex of the pile was still unkindled; but already the end clapboards of the house were blackened and shrivelled by the heat, and there a tongue of fire had made a lodgment on the angle of the overjutting boards, and on the ancient poises presented by the ells and cropping of the windows.

Fortunately, in transferring the movables from the outhouses to the cellar, which had been leisurely done long before the arrival of the enemy, the negroes had secured and stored in various nooks and implements of husbandry, and trivial as the presently-used means then, it proved of more importance than could have been anticipated, enabling the men who had been thus early clothed to arm themselves with the very weapons most adapted to their purpose.

Long handled pitchforks and iron rakes were their weapons, with these they raised eagerly at the dangerous heap, tossing its light, oil heavy portions over, sometimes scattering, however, and quickly distributing its volume. The enemy were nowhere visible, but with all that ensued upon the brush heap, their defiant whoops rose loud and long, and a volley of bullets was fired from the direction of the shed. But one man was touched, and he was only disabled, and owing no fee to attack, Major Barton ordered all hands to the house, himself leading the way, and using his gun-barrel to toss the burning brands, taking up more well-grown and had the luck had primings pan, and exploding a similar precaution on all following.

A second luminous discharge of bullets intended more powerful, yet with such vigor and dexterity thus did the men work amidst the stifling flame and smoke, as more resembling at times, momentarily to breathe, and rushing again to the attack, that in less than two minutes the fire was subdued and scattered all that portion of the ignited mass which had been sufficiently near the house to endanger its safety.

But the intelligence of this gallant exploit had by their time reached the Tories who were in front of the Hall, and at the very instant that Major Barton began to consider his work accomplished to safety, he was startled by a shout from his friends in the house that Butler, with a considerable force, was advancing to cut off his retreat.

He immediately recalled his company from their now completed task, and seeing that it was too late to regain the entrance without an encounter with the factions foe, he hastily formed his men for an attack, while the Oneida was checking the advance of his men just now in the kitchen door, descended a surrender.

"Think no use to hold out," he said; "we've got you between two fires, you throw down your arms, and I'll save your lives as far as I can. Come on, Bloss, with your men, but don't fire. They've surrendered, I believe."

It was evident that Barton's apprehension of firing was owing to the fear of shooting his allies in the rear of the yard, and that the guns of the latter were aimed for a general fire.

Yet the Indians were seen and heard rushing forward in confidence to a command which he applied that they might do so with safety, and before the words were out, he was accompanied by with the report of the guns, he shouted, as he rushed forward with unsheathed sword—

"Charge, now, my boys, with bayonets, pistols—fists, hatchets, anything, to the devil's cowardly dogs! Down with them! That's a good stroke, friend Bela!"

They were at once in the midst of the melée, and the stout blacksmith, who was now his right hand man, laughing at his side arms a small sledge-hammer, which he was wielding with terrific effect.

"I don't know much about the bagonet," he said, dropping his rifle; "it never seems to go to the right spot, but this are tool—there, take that, you fool!" he added, dashing a pistol at Tory he found; "and you, you mean sneaking blacksmith's work done, too!" He brained another as he spoke, and rushed forward, grinding fury with each oregore, and laughing with unsheathed sword at the bullets which he seemed to dropped around him.

The swords of Major Barton and Huntington were in the meantime doing a more silent but scarcely less effective work; while others of the men fought with curious weapons, and one even trunished an opponent with a heavily-pronged pitchfork, yet glowing with the red heat which it had acquired in the burning pile.

The Tories, although outnumbering the struggling little band five to one, were staggered by the violence of the attack, and would quickly have fallen back but for the momentary expectation that the Indians in the rear, who were in still larger force, would instantly come up.

But the Mohawks were forbidden to fire, and having no strife for a hand to hand engagement with such desperate men, (whose numbers they did not know,) the most of these ascertained themselves with loosing a succession of whoops and calling on the Tories to retreat, preferred to let the pale-face fight it out among themselves, knowing that they would come in for a share of the spoils, all the same.

Butler shouted to them in vain, but gathering fresh courage as he saw one of the patriots fall, and several others retreat before a charge of some of the bolder Tories, he again cheered his men to the onset, although many of the Indians still, now seeing to seek an opponent.

"We've got them, boys!" he said; "now, one it to 'em! There's another down! There did seem's 'em left. Well finish 'em in a few minutes!"

"Yes, will, will you?" shouted Lieutenant Huntington. "How come our rearguard? Have ye dive good men from the house! Now, then, come on!"

In truth, Dr. Rutel could no longer be a silent spectator of the struggle, although many of the women clustered around him and his few companions, and begged them not to go forth to taste them entirely defenseless.

The Tories were now pressed by three of the men, but their land should, and the still louder yells heard by the Oneida, who, for a more plausible reason still remained inside, made their appearance directly behind the rear of the party of Huntington proclaimed it.

A momentary panic was the result. The Tories fell rapidly back, and Major Barton took advantage of it to regain the house with the survivors of his command, and with his dead and wounded.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The temporary triumph had been dearly purchased by the Tories. Many were slain of the defenders of the Hall, and it seemed wonderful that he made not overcome the loss more than once severe. The wounded were far more numerous, for the hand to hand weapons, bigoty, although only one of the survivors was entirely mortally wounded.

The result, in its best aspect, was unfortunate because the time gained by the party, yet the first fury of the survivors was not to be wasted, and if victory they had achieved over a greatly superior force, the consequences of the fight and pedition had been effected, the foe had been in reality more than doubled, and were now far greater than their own.

The important results remained whether or not the effort would so far discourage him as to make him renounce the long contemplated march, and there were but a few who hopeful enough to anticipate such a result.

Some loud and angry talking was heard on the outside, which was still shaken by the shouts of the prohibitionist alliance, and those who watched from the windows espied Butler, who was no attempt to gather the dispersed branches, and make one effective fight for victory, before

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

RETRIBUTION.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

The time has come, as I knew it must,
When you and I should part;
But I cannot to love when I ceased to trust,
And you cannot break my heart.

Nay, I know not even if I am sad,
And it may be for the best,
Since you only take what I thought I had
And leave to me the rest.

Not all the stars of my hope are set,
Though one is lost in the skies;
And I know there is both in the wide world yet,
If it be not on your eyes.

And though I have loved you, who can tell
If you ever had been so dear
But that my heart was prodigal
Of its wealth, and you were near?

I brought each rich and beautiful thing
From my love's good treasury;
And I thought in myself to make a king
With the riches of royalty.

But you lightly laid my honors down,
And you taught me this to know:
Not every head can wear the crown,
That can handle the sceptre lowly.

So take wherever you can from me,
And leave me as you will;
I have enough—and the poorer,
Who are richer than I still.

And whenever my fancy has her way,
Too, though it were crook-here,
She can make a pearl of the hollow clay,
Or a rose of mist or snow.

THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Among the early settlers of Kentucky was one Abraham Wells, who located himself in a pleasant valley, not far from the Ohio river, where for a couple of years he remained in peaceful quiet, unmolested by the Indians. One autumnal day, in early autumn, he set off for the nearest settlement, leaving his wife and a little three-year old daughter at home, intending the former that he should probably be back in season for the evening fire, if he was not, to secure the horse and spare the labor of his own arm and hand.

In the afternoon of that day, Mrs. Wells—who, though a small, delicate woman, possessed the true spirit of a border heroine—happened to be doing something a few rods from her log cabin, when, chancing to look towards the woods surrounding the clearing, she suddenly saw three savages cautiously reconnoitering the place. She thought of her husband and her little Indian child in the house, her own beauty and almost defenceless situation, and felt almost ready to despair: but she called on God for aid, nerved herself with a firm resolve, and walked quietly back to the dwelling, with the air and manner of one who had seen nothing to occasion the slightest alarm.

No sooner was she in the house, however, out of sight of the Indians, than, catching up her little girl, she pressed her to her bosom with maternal anguish, and prayed God to preserve her harmless, even though her own life should be sacrificed.

"What for mamma say so?" inquired the little curly-haired pet, looking up into her mother's tearful face with childish wonder.

"You must keep still, Ella, and not make the least noise, because there are Indians about, and I want to hide you so they can't find you."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Hush, now! you must be a good little girl, and not cry, and not even speak to me, no, not so much as to say a word!"

"But I 'fraid Indian, mamma?"

"Then you must keep still, and they won't find you."

"Where papa?"

"Oh, would to God he were here!" cried the poor wife and mother, in the bitterness of her soul.

She then hastened to hide the child among the straw of the bed, strongly impressing it with the idea that it must remain motionless, and waiting until sure it from the hands of the wicked Indians. This done, she turned to the window, that looked in the direction where she had seen the Indians, and perceived four of them approaching, but somewhat cautiously, and not in a body, as before. What was she to do? Leave the door open and let them enter, trusting to her own fortitude and tenacious to effect a like result in them? or close and bar the house, and make the best warfare she could? For a few moments she was undecided which course to pursue, but was soon roused almost strong arguments in favor of either. Should she let them in peaceably, treat them well, and offer them a few presents, they might possibly go away without doing any further harm; or should they even kill her, or take her prisoner, nothing was more than likely would overlook her child, and let it thus escape; and once was her child, she knew, that she would have been willing to sacrifice herself to insure the safety of her offspring. On the other hand, should she bar up the door and windows, and make her child hide, and she and her command, perhaps she would keep them out altogether, till such time as the expected husband should become apprised of the siege, who might then go and bring a force to the rescue.

Recollecting her husband's injunctions while setting out from home, she decided upon the latter course; and in less than a minute after that, the settling was as secure against her enemies as it was possible for her to make it. She then took down a gun that was resting on some hooks overhead, and hastily examined it. She knew how to load and fire it, even though she might not be able to sight it well. The piece she found already loaded, and contained her husband left her husband say he had put in a large charge of buckshot; but to make doubly sure, she hastily added in some more, which she found in a leathern pouch. She had learned his favorite aim with this, but this piece was left, and a large here of powder, and with this in her hands, and the certainty that she had plenty of ammunition, she felt slightly relieved from the first sensation of utter helplessness which she had a minute before experienced.

She had put in some extra shot, as we have said, and secured them with a light wad, and was in the act of replacing the ramrod, when she heard a footstep to at to split some of the powder from the gun, a loud rap sounded on the door, and the brave struck with a tomahawk.

"Who is there?" she cried, in a voice well feigned for it.

"Me, Indian," replied the fierce savage, in broken English.

"What do you want?"

"Me want you open door."

"Can you say that unless you are sent?"

"Squaw open—Injun want come in say how do. Injun open."

"No, I cannot let you in; and so, if you are good enough to consider Indians, you will go away."

"Squaw very fool. Come in first—say how do—and then go away."

"No, I don't know you—you may be bad Indians—and so I shall not let you in; and if you are hungry, I will give you food."

"Ugh, Indian hungry."

Mrs. Wells hastily collected some cold meat, bread and vegetables, and, cautiously opening the window-shutter, dropped them on the ground outside.

"There is food for you," she said, as she secured the shutter; "and now, if you are good Indians, you will go away."

She judged by the sounds that the savages picked up the food and ate it, and for some time she could hear them conversing in low tones among themselves.

As this affair happened at a period when the Indians were supposed to be at peace with the whites, there could be no evidence but their own actions, that the present party was hostile, and therefore Mrs. Wells began to gather strong hope that, now she had fed them, they would go away and leave her in peace. But much was her surprise, and fear, when, after a minute's hasty search through and opened an adjoining room, she found that the last of the corn was greeted by a shout of joy, and one of the Indians put his face close to the door, and in his coarse, and since in his rogues at the enlightening intelligence that the white squaw had left the corn for them. Mrs. Wells was totally at a loss to conceive the cause of this sudden, unaccountable change, whose source she could not divine, but she hastily pulled the ramrod from the gun, and, with a firm hand, but a heart that sank with fingers that no longer trembled.

The blows were repeated, and in less than a minute a hatchet struck through and opened an aperture large enough for the savage to put his face in, and, with a fiendish grin, he said:

"Squaw very fool. Injun no go away. Injun want come in."

Getting upon her feet, she drew aside to a corner where the savage could not see her, and, with a solemn, prepared to reload her gun, moved to take aim at the aperture. She was resolved to stand and physical overthrow the safety of her self and her child.

But at this moment of fearful trial she heard the crack of a distant rifle, followed by cries, or howls, or dismay from the savages about the door, who seemed to dash off as if from some sudden enemy. Soon after there was another report, and another howl of dismay, and then all was still. She stood listening and fairly trembling now with hope of relief, but not daring to open the door, the welcome sounds of her husband's voice. She staggered to the door, however, as he tried it open, and, with a wild shriek of joy, fell fainting upon her husband's breast.

He had returned rather sooner than he expected, and had come to the dwelling to be alleged by the party of four. While creeping up for a shot, the discharge from Wells' rifle had doubt of one of his foes, but elected his aimed shooting down the others, and then rushed in and proving the active existence of his beloved little wife. He trembled to see the hatchet left into the house; but he took advantage of the act to gain a point in his favor, and made his own shot fatal to another. As the remaining two fled, he hastily reloaded his rifle, and had the satisfaction of wounding one of these and getting into his dwelling unharmed. His fond joy with soon revived; and father, mother and child, thus hastily reunited, lived many years, to thank Heaven for their wonderful deliverance from what had threatened to be a terrible fate.

THE SMITHS AND THE JONESES.

The Smiths believe that children were made to eat; and that digestion is a blessing reserved to the doctors; and that milk and cider, and pastry and vinegar, and candy and relishes, and ham-jacks and pickles, and jellies, can be eaten in excessive doses at any hour in the twenty-four, and in any condition of body or mind, and repose quietly together like "the Happy Family." The Smiths believe in getting up in the middle of the night to eat, and then going to bed upon a dollar more or less! Why should he? He has inherited the property. He spends out of his father's and his grandfather's pocket!

A man is to be honored like women. If his debts were paid he would be hopelessly bankrupt. But he enjoys self settlements, and lives profusely. But it is not his own pocket, but his creditors', that he pulls his hand into!

There is a man, quite conspicuous for public spirit. He subscribes largely. He has much influence; is consulted; elected director of various charities. In the end, it turns out that he had been wasting other people's money, and as soon as he is made to wear his own, there is less acquaintance between his hand and his pocket.

There is many a man who lives in a house which largely comes from the merchants's pocket, who was elected to the building.

The speculator who draws his friends into his schemes, spends money out of their pockets. The managers of a fancy ball or stock company have a way of getting into other people's elections. There are hundreds of men in Wall street who are always exchanging pocket-books with each other pretty much all the time. A lottery keeper has his hands in the pockets of a thousand people who never win. How many gay-

ers spend out of other people's pockets. How many benevolent men have their hands in the pockets of tens of honest men for uncounted sums to acquire a reputation!

What if some night, in a sleep, Puck should take it into his head to hang up in a row all the other people's cantaloons out of which you have been spending money, and there was a row there would be for some of us! and of what pockets, little pockets, big pockets, and private pockets, too, with pockets in them! Or imagine some freakish fiend flying over a community, a revenge by allowing all pockets and pantaloons that had been extravagant or cheated to go back and reclaim their dues. What extraordinary rushes of pockets, what bankrupt shrieks of pantaloons would escort many a knight, or besieges his house, or keep guard about his door, or sit astride his ridge-pole!

And, should this matter be pushed clear home to all cases, might not some charitable societies, who have the spending of other people's money, some revengeful day, find their society homes looking like an old Jew's shop the night before? Or companies of other people's pantaloons come for their rights?

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"FOUR ACRES."—Small pox! Oh Cyprian, there are two very different professions. Black pepper grows upon a small native in the East Indies, but cow-pepper is an tropical countries. The berries, when ripe, are of a brilliant red, and grow in clusters, like the berries of holly. Upon being gathered and dried, they shirted and ground, and are ready for other preparation for the market. The peculiar flavor of this description grow is owing to the presence of a powerful aromatic oil. Cayenne pepper is also a native of the orient countries, though the plant has in modern times been cultivated to the West Indies with so much success that it is now to come from the West Indies. The fruit of the Cayenne pepper bush is frequently larger than a hen egg, the skin and seeds of which are pounded to a pulp and then dried and ground. Cayenne pepper is a powder which we are accustomed to see in the cruet-stand, and is produced by the fruit of the capsicum. It is not to be confounded with the capsicum of pepper usually consumed in the world 18,000 tons.

H. B. N.—This correspondent is a woman, and writes a large and garish, which, she says, she had rarely paid for three years ago. At that time, however, her mother became dependent upon her, and, ever since, she has been able to pay very little more than the rent of a room. She now wishes to know "whether it be her duty to take care of her mother?" She wants the opinion of some one of a question, or even of entertaining a doubt on the subject. Her mother is not dependent upon her for support. Should your professional duties prevent you from your mother out of doors, the house and garden, will, no doubt, be sufficient for her exercise. Her mind will be good to enter it, and prefer it not to strangers as one of the necessaries of life. Her daughter will, therefore, act as a disgrace to your sex.

Mrs. Margaret Fuller Ossoli in within a few months of being sixty years of age, having been born in 1810. She was not a beauty in the ordinary sense of the word, even in her ten thirty-five years he has been constantly before the public as an investor. He has been a resident of New York for a quarter of a century. To your second question we answer that we have no knowledge of the matter. We have never heard that he was a member of any great pecuniary advantage from his useful labors. His wealth, as he is reckoned among the rich men of Gotham.

Ans.—The Turpelin Rock at Rome, from the summit of which criminals of state were formerly hurled, still exists. Its present height of the Rock is only four feet, and it is still precipitous enough to serve its ancient purpose. Its base is now buried in the earth, and the rock is hidden by the action of earthquakes, and by the accumulation of the soil. The Tarpeian Rock is situated on the Capitoline hill, where the Capitol stood. Its summit is now covered by the Church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, and has been for hundred feet high.

Ans.—It is not necessary to thank a young lady for the pleasure of her company to a ball, or any other place of amusement or pleasure, as she is to be there at all. You signify your pleasure sufficiently by accepting her invitation. Allow her to express her grateful sensation in and respect for all her wishes.

Ans.—When a gentleman presents a rose with his hat in his hand, shall a lady offer to take it? No. It is not the rose which a person presents to a lady, but the sweet for their fingers. If he chooses to bring the hat with the rose, she may take it, but it is not the duty or action of it; let him retain it in his fingers or in his pocket.

Modern writers to us that his heart is not upon a young lady for whom he cannot have time to write a letter, or see an answer of his sending. "What shall I do?" asks he. Answer: If your lady is worthy of your love, answer them love for love, and if you are not, you will be shocked to find that you have been deceived.

GRATITUDE.—How much will a diamond cost us big enough to cover the earth? Ans. The earth contains the sea, and the King of France, a good many years ago, offered a reward to any one who would find a method to cover the earth with paper. Many persons tried, and not one has become rich.

Ans.—It would be proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman who called on her to call again, if he was a gentleman and the wished him to repeat his call. No gentleman ever "bores" of such a civility, or indeed of any favor granted him by a lady.

ANXIOUS.—There is not the least reasonable doubt that Gen. Andrew Jackson was born in what is now Union County, South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767. The exact house in which he was born is not known.

ANON.—Halberton, the author of Sam Slick, is now an English judge and member of Parliament. Sam Slick is now very different in person, as it is out of print in this country.

L. T. C.—There is a good deal in Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, and in Dugald Stewart's Lectures, on the leading matters on the subject may be, however, compressed into a few lines. He says: 1. That every man should contribute to the support of government in proportion to his ability and every system of taxation should be based on that principle; 2. That every tax should be defined and limited, and not arbitrary, so as to leave room for the arbitrary judgment of the tax-gatherer; 3. That taxes should be levied at the time and in the manner most convenient to the taxpayer; 4. That such taxes should be imposed as can be collected with the least expense to the government and to the contributing people. These maxims are now too obviously true for argument, but, in the days of Smith, they were novel and enlightening generalizations. In fact, so many of Adam Smith's opinions have been adopted by modern governments, that his work may be compared to a huge mine, from which the leaders have drawn the ores of which they will continue to swing in the air.

CANNON.—The largest piece of cannon of the British service, cast in 1866, is a 68-pounder, 9 feet 6 inch, 95 inch bore; depth, 41 feet; eye bolted; weight, 6,171; bore-power of engines, 5,000; charge for 600 ton of coal. She is covered with iron plates, four and a half inches thick; and plate being fifteen feet long by four wide. The plates begin at a the five feet below the water, and extend to the top of the bulwarks. The bow and stern are plated with much thinner iron, to prevent injuries to the ship's ends from strengthened by several water-tight compartments, so that if she is struck by a shot in any part of her hull, only one of these will be affected. The deck is completely protected, and there are lines of telegraph running to every part of the vessel, and communicating with the engine room by tubes. Her armament consists of seventeen hundred-pounder guns. The total cost of the frigate has been about one million eight hundred thousand dollars. The British government have now fifteen other vessels of the kind, finishing, or just begun.

FIVE YEARS' SEALING.—The sealers of 1833 went nearly round the world. It ravaged some places of John in 1597: but in 1798, it was discovered by Captain Shaler, and in 1801, it was visited by Captain Delano, and described American. Its course in the United States Exploring Expedition. The islands of commerce still living. On the night of March of June, 1801, an enlarged ship arrived at Quebec, and the crew of the vessel reported themselves to the engage by shelters. The next day the disease broke out with fury, and in five days sixty-three were buried. In fifteen days it began its ravages in the city of New York, from the time it left the vessel. As to the rest, it is related here, it spread accelerated, until most of the town was depopulated. In the end, it is said, one-half of the inhabitants died.

J. D. R.—This correspondent, who seems to be in a state of high perturbation of mind, asks: "What is why a young lady where my family do not think, good enough for her, will not allow me to let's go out with her?" Was there ever a young man in love or engaged, whose "family" did think her good enough for him? Ans. No. She should this to know it. If you postpone your marriage until you have a home of your own, and have united all with your chosen one, you may wait a long while. As to your family, if you are worthy of your love, you are partly most interested, and you are the party who should be pleased. If you are not worthy of your love, you are not worthy of her, and you should be ashamed. If your parents were worthy to live, should be exhibited in all such matters.

FIGARO.—The one you refer to, is by no means to be despised. A good many women would be glad to have people see certain to start up as caimans for the house, who would be glad to have the privilege of the footing for their invention proved a failure. It always reminds us of the old Irish woman who, what husbands and wives and grandpops killed on enormous rat? and when questioned by the curious as to how she managed to kill them, she replied that she always killed them "asleep." Closer to whom house is dun, in all cases; but let all sycophighted ones be on their guard, lest they be caught napping in their best dreams.

Ans.—A lady while walking with a lady in the street, should the lady always walk on the side of the pavement next to the houses? If not, why not? Ans. Under the Hampton terms, yes; for there the streets are usually so narrow that the lady is in danger of being run over by the two persons in with streets, and, consequently, the gentleman walks on the outside. In Broadway, and the other wide streets of New York, the custom is not so necessary, and there it is optional with the gentleman.

Ans.—Yes, if the entertainment resembling it, is given by a lady. Gentlemen are accustomed to it, and probably the most modest of them would be pleased to see the lady of the house, or the lady who gives the party, pass unmolested. The same is in present form, commonly practiced in the city of Washington, and throughout all the States of antiquity, and was introduced since the year 1800, by the wives of the members of Congress. Any gentleman, in the addition of finger keys, and in this way month-parties, and the custom is not to be found in the city.

Ans.—You are not the first girl who has discovered the lack the danger of playing with fire. For a thousand years mankind have been in the habit of playing with fire, and they usually burned their fingers nearly as often as not. You have found out that it may add to the brilliancy of entertainments, but it is dangerous for young ladies, and avoid such perilous pursuits in future.

Ans.—Yes, it is a very common practice. Many persons are in the habit of writing upon their letters the words "Private and Confidential," and the Duke of Wellington was in the habit of writing upon his